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IN THE SAGA OF KING RICHARD III

BY

OSCAR JAMES CAMPBELL  
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

MADISON  
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Lambert van den Bos

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THE POSITION OF THE *ROODE EN WITTE ROOS* IN  
THE SAGA OF KING RICHARD III

I

The *Roode en Witte Roos*, an English translation of which is here presented, was published in Amsterdam in 1651.<sup>1</sup> It is a tragedy of five acts written in rhymed iambic hexameters, consisting of 1856 lines and treating the popular story of King Richard III of England. Although the author, Lambert van den Bos (spelt also Bosch), 1610-1698, does not suggest that the drama is not original, he must have had ultimately an English source, if not a play that he translated or adapted, at least one of the comprehensive English Chronicles. Facts which will be presented in the course of this study make it clear that this Dutch tragedy belongs definitely to the English dramatic tradition of Richard III. Indeed, a careful examination of the evidence warrants the belief that this play is a version of an English drama, now lost, which in certain features was more like Shakespeare's *Richard III* than is any extant version of the play.

The other literary work of van den Bos makes it probable that he followed his source, whatever it was, with some fidelity. This author owes his position in Dutch literature to his skillful translation and adaptation of foreign works. His translation of *Don Quixote*, for example, remained for two centuries the classical Dutch version of this immortal romance. In particular, he made enough translations from the English to demonstrate his understanding of the language and his peculiar interest in the literature. In 1648 he rendered into Dutch the masque-like morality *Lingua*, or the

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<sup>1</sup>This translation was announced in *Shakespeare Studies* of the University of Wisconsin (pp. 231-252) and some of the descriptive facts given there are here restated. The fundamental indebtedness of my study to the unpublished work of Dr. H. de W. Fuller, I take pleasure in acknowledging again here.

*Combat of the Tongue and Five Senses for Superiority*, published in London in 1607; in 1658 Sir Thomas Herbert's *Travels into Divers Parts of Africa and Asia Minor*,<sup>2</sup> first published in 1634; in 1661 John Dauncey's *History of his Sacred Majesty Charles II*; and in 1678 the anonymous treatise *The True and Historical Relation of the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury*, published first in 1651. A man who made a business of miscellaneous translation as did van den Bos was obviously not a trained dramatist. A play bearing his name is perhaps, then, even more certain to be a translation than his other admitted adaptations.

The method which he used when working with a foreign play can be learned from reading his introduction to the translation of *Lingua*:

Gracious Friend:

Considerable time has elapsed since you gave me some English comedies, requesting that I look them over to see whether there was any worth translating. Accepting this proposal, I have chosen the morality *Lingua* and have, as you requested, translated it into Dutch. I have not followed the words so much as the sense, and have here and there omitted things—which, to be sure, would have made the play somewhat longer but certainly not more attractive.

These free principles of translation applied to the play under discussion would obscure and ultimately obliterate verbal similarities between the Dutch work and its source. At any rate, a drama written in rhymed couplets, as is the *Roode en Witte Roos*, could not be a word for word translation. Furthermore in developing the *Red Rose and the White* from an English source, van den Bos would have felt as free to omit and to condense as he did in translating *Lingua*.

From the above document we are able to glean an even more significant fact. In 1648, three years before the appearance of this tragedy, van den Bos had in his possession a number of English plays,—comedies, to be sure, he calls

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<sup>2</sup> The full title is: A relation of some yeares travaile, begunne anno 1026 Into Afrique and the greater Asia, especially the Territories of the Persian Monarchie; and some parts of the Oriental Indies, and Iles adjacent.



them—which he was reading with the view to translating. These plays had been given him by his “gracious friend,” who was the Regent of a theatre in Amsterdam. They may have come into this man’s possession in a number of different ways, as the wholesale purchase of a Dutch book-seller or actor, or as the castaways of English troupes of actors travelling in Holland. The point of significance is that even if a play to serve as the source of the *Roode en Witte Roos* were not among “the Comedies” referred to above, such a drama may have come to van den Bos through this gracious friend, who had tapped some source of English plays. It was, at any rate, a product of the same period of the author’s literary activity as *Lingua*, which we know was the translation of an English play.

Taken in connection with these facts, some curiously involved and awkward figures of speech in van den Bos’s dedication of the *Roode en Witte Roos* assume important meaning. After fulsome praise of a certain Frans Ludowyk van de Wiele to whom the work is dedicated he writes:

I offer up as a sacrifice, what? Two roses,—a red and a white one. I intended that a second wonder should come to pass and that they should have bloomed during the winter, in order to embellish their own modest worth with such an unusual characteristic,—but time and my hope have deceived me. At any rate receive them, however wasted and faded they may be. They have gone through thorns, without defending their own worth, since for a long time they were maimed and cast under foot. Alas they have endured much, yet they have come up again together. But finally felled by a more dangerous, though a gentler, misfortune, they would have had to stay crushed, and to remain stifled in the book of forgetfulness, rotted away to moss and refuse, if a favoring hand had not taken them up again.

This long figure of speech can hardly have been meant to suggest the changing fortunes of the Houses of York and Lancaster. It describes almost as ineptly difficulties of publication which his own play may have experienced. It might serve, however, as a clumsy description of the vicissitudes which some copy of an old play had suffered. It had been rescued, let us say, from a mass of cast-off pamphlets and

brought to light again in this form. No other equally satisfactory explanation of this part of the dedication suggests itself.

The play, whatever its origin, is not like the earliest forms of Chronicle plays written in England. The author has advanced beyond the loose and unorganized method of writing these dramas which prevailed in the first stages of their development. The events here are not spread out in their historical succession with no attempt made to give them dramatic unity. The drama has fewer scenes<sup>3</sup> than those plays which follow the Chronicle meticulously, as does, for example, *Richardus Tertius*. The story of Richard's unscrupulous grasping of the kingdom and his merited fall unifies the action. The play begins immediately after the imprisonment of Rivers and Grey with the young king in Gloucester's hands. From that point only the main steps in the attainment of Richard's object are presented,—and each one is made the dramatic center of an entire act. The first act presents the successful efforts of the conspirators to carry off the young Duke of York from the sanctuary whither his mother has fled with him; the second, the seizure of Hastings and his subsequent execution. The third act is composed of two scenes, both of which deal with Gloucester's devious methods of gaining the throne; the first presents Buckingham's long speech before the Council of London; the second, Richard's exaggerated and hypocritical horror at the suggestions of the citizens that he assume the title of king, and his final yielding to their requests. The fourth act is not so clearly unified; the first part is taken up with the murder of the princes and the reactions of the queen and Buckingham to that crime; the last scene depicts Richard's futile wooing of his niece,—the first check administered to his advance toward the fulfillment of all his desires. The last act is the history of Richard's downfall,—all except the first scene. This is a dialogue between Buckingham and Richard while the former is on the way to his execution, in which

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<sup>3</sup> Although the scenes are not definitely and specifically denominated, the indication of change is clearly made.

Buckingham prophesies that the vengeance of Heaven will overtake the tyrant. This threat is immediately brought to pass in the succeeding scenes.

The play, therefore, possesses more structural unity than most English Chronicle plays. There are no scenes, for example, from the life of a person as tenuously connected with the main action as Jane Shore. There is not, however, a corresponding unity in the conception of the central character. The figure of Richard, to be sure, is not lost in a mass of events; he is usually before our eyes and always in our minds; yet we are not shown the tragedy of his inner life. This is partly because each scene is presented with the author's eye on its immediate theatrical effects rather than on its psychological significance. In so doing, he shows the pervasive influence of Seneca.

In many respects the *Roode en Witte Roos* is a Senecan play.<sup>4</sup> In the first place it has numerous epical scenes. As in Seneca most of them report events which could not be presented or which dramatic tradition rigorously excluded from the stage. To the latter influence can be attributed the author's unwillingness to have the death of Hastings, of the princes, or of Richard himself actually presented. Each death is announced by a messenger who delivers his news not, as often in Seneca, in monologues addressed to the audience or to the chorus, but always to some character in the drama.

Furthermore the play has a large number of lyrical scenes, the chief object of which is not to advance the action, but to give expression to the feelings of the characters. The writer uses these scenes, moreover, not to draw character, but merely to arouse temporarily the emotions of the spectator. Such is the object of the queen's lament in Act I, Scene II; of Buckingham's appeal to Heaven in Act IV, Scene III; of the queen's grief over the death of the princes, Act IV, Scene V; and of Stanley's lament over Hasting's arrest in Act II, Scene IV. The language of these scenes, like that of similar ones in Seneca, is highly rhetorical, the outpourings of a mind

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<sup>4</sup>A full consideration of many Senecan details of style is presented where the play is compared with *Richardus Tertius*, vid. infra. pp. 20-36.

half beside itself with emotional excitement. This same extravagance of language is rendered often uncouth to the point of humor by the heavy hand of van den Bos—as when the princess longs for a sword “to root around in” her uncle’s vitals.

The verse often develops into as highly wrought a stichomythia as can be found in Seneca. The longest passage of this sort occurs in the dialogue between Buckingham and Richard, Act V, Scene I, where it continues almost without interruption for over forty lines. Here, too, there is a consistent attempt to make the individual lines aphoristic.

“A legitimate prince always acts advisedly.”

“How often does man err and dote in his judgment.”

“The man for whom a wicked deed is done, his is the guilt.”

Neither in this passage nor elsewhere in the play is the stichomythia developed to that stage of refinement in which there is a balance of half lines.

Whatever dramatic intensity the play possesses is given to it through well-known Senecan devices. The tragedy fatefully casts its shadow across the minds of its victims. They are filled with intimations and vague forebodings of disaster which arouse expectancy and dread in the spectators. The first words spoken in the play are intended to allay the fears of the young king. The tirade of the queen in the second scene of the first act is one long wail of foreboding and distress over the hidden ills of the future. And her first exclamation when she hears of the murder of her sons is: “Was it not that which my heart long ago seemed to pre-  
sage?”

Though the idea of Nemesis is not made a basic principle of construction as it is in Shakespeare’s *Richard III*, still Fate permeates the spirit of the action and is constantly on the lips of the characters. Stanley’s first words (II, 4) after Hastings has been seized are: “Now I see that no one may escape his misfortune, and that whatever Heaven wills, that shall and must come to pass. In vain it is for man to strive against his Fate.” In this speech, as in others throughout

the play, Fate is almost always called the will of Heaven. The Bishop of York never loses faith in the ultimate punishment of the bloody tyrant. On the eve of Richard's death, he assures Stanley:

The vengeance of God will yet come, though it be late.

After the tyrant's death, Stanley exclaims, "How fickle fortune can turn her fleet heel!" and the Bishop rejoins, "The punishment of God knows no time nor tide". This idea of Nemesis acting through the judgment of God, however, is little more than a subject of dramatic conversation. It never enters the minds of those who suffer from the vengeance of Fate, as it does in Shakespeare, nor does it become part of the terror of a mental tragedy in the heart of Richard. Only after the ghost has visited him does he look within his foul soul. Then he exclaims:

Oh Conscience smirched with sin and red with shame and guilt!  
What bitter torments dost thou spread through my limbs . . .  
Alas King Henry! King Henry! Now I see, today I see your blood  
pursuing me.

The drama then is in no sense psychological, so that such unity as the play possesses is not due to the dramatist's conception of Nemesis.

In the same superficial way the *Roode en Witte Roos* is a tragedy of revenge. The inevitable ghost of such a play appears here, but not as usual to urge revenge. He is not the spirit of a character wronged by the villain, but the evil spirit of Richard himself. He in no sense directs the course of events, but merely announces to the tyrant that his end is near and causes him to peer into the pit of hell. He makes Richard exclaim: "It is as if hell were opening its mouth and jaws. The earth trembles and roars beneath my feet . . . hell is loose to drive me to distraction". The queen in one of her "reflective diatribes" (IV, 5) says: "Now I am just waiting to see . . . what calamity my sad calamity will bring down upon the person who accomplished it".

The queen addresses Richmond at the end of the play as

“faithful avenger of my heavy cross”, and the Duke rejoices with her “in the avenging of your insults and of the tyrant’s accursed and godless deeds”. Yet references of this sort are external to the spirit of the play which has, therefore, only superficial and, as it were, residuary resemblances to the typical tragedies of revenge.

Thus none of the Senecan characteristics of this play are fundamental enough to give it structural unity or to determine its dramatic spirit. Furthermore the recognizably Senecan scenes are intermingled with those of a quite different character. Such is the long discussion between Stanley and York in Act II, Scene IV, on the respective rights of the Houses of Lancaster and York to the throne. Historical surveys of this sort are in the English tradition of Chronicle play. This same question, indeed, is discussed in the *Contention* and in *I Henry VI*.<sup>5</sup> In the Dutch play *England’s crime* in putting the House of Lancaster on the throne instead of that of Mortimer (as the author designates the House of York) is, to be sure, the cause of the present troublous times. This wrong, fate is avenging.

Another scene completely out of the spirit of Senecan drama is the encounter that Buckingham has with Dighton. The murderer has dispatched the Princes and is seeking Tyrel (sic) to report that the deed has been done. On his way he meets Buckingham. Dighton is preoccupied and confused and makes ridiculous and compromising answers. A prince has charged him. “What prince?” Buckingham asks. “Prince Robert”, he replies, thinking of Robert Brakenbury, keeper of the tower,—though this reference would have been utterly lost on a Dutchman who did not know the story of Richard in all its details. Their dialogue then continues as follows:

*Buck.* What, you dull gallows bird!

*Dighton.* No, I mean Edmond, I mean Prince Edward (I am getting in bad).

<sup>5</sup> II, 5, 63 ff. e. g., *Mortimer*. Henry the fourth, grandfather to this King Deposed his nephew Richard,—Edward’s son. . . . Young King Richard thus removed Leaving no heir begotten of his body, etc.

*Buck.* Had charged you to do what?

*Dighton.* To ride his horses.

*Buck.* When?

*Dighton.* Immediately.

*Buck.* In the dead of night?

*Dighton.* Yes, that is so, I had not thought of that at all.

This is a bit of clumsy humor, introduced in the manner of the great Elizabethans at a moment when the tragedy is most painful. Of all the scenes in the play these two are perhaps the most completely out of harmony with the Senecan spirit. Others, like the long address of Buckingham to the citizens, are mere transcripts of the Chronicle tradition. They are innocent of any formative dramatic influence.

The *Red Rose and the White*, then, shows no real dramatic unity. The individual scenes make immediate theatrical effects of an exaggerated Senecan sort. The individual acts are unified by action relating to one central dramatic fact. Yet there is no sweep of Nemesis from act to act, no character dominating events until, faithless to him, they turn his mind upon itself in deep psychological tragedy. Richard's career uninterpreted by any profound artistic judgment binds the drama together and nothing else.

The Dutch play is the product of a more sophisticated technique than that which produced the earlier naive English dramatizations of the historical material. The authors of these first English Chronicle plays followed the historical sources closely, selecting and discriminating but little. In so doing they naturally smothered the central character in the multitude of events. These blemishes the author of the original of the *Roode en Witte Roos* has avoided. The subject of his play is the historical fact of Richard's rise and fall, and of that the spectator is never permitted to lose sight. Of the later and most effective manner of writing this form of drama, in which the attention of the spectators, as in Shakespeare's *Richard III*, is riveted upon some mighty figure and his gigantic conflict with circumstance or struggle with his own soul, there is no trace. It is such a play as might have been written in England by some inferior dram-

artist after the purely Senecan tradition had been modified by some of the early work of Marlowe. The interest of this tragedy does not lie, then, in its intrinsic value, but in its position in the great Saga of King Richard III, and particularly in its relation to Shakespeare's famous tragedy.

## II

The most natural hypothesis about a play published in 1651 which deals with the career of Richard III is that it is a translation or an adaptation of Shakespeare's work. But it can be easily shown that the *Roode en Witte Roos*<sup>1</sup> is not a translation of *Richard III*.<sup>2</sup> In the first place D does not cover the same ground as S. It begins with events which are not treated in S until the very end of the second act. Almost two whole acts of S are therefore unrepresented in D. Furthermore the two tragedies are quite unlike in dramatic character, D being more persistently and circumstantially Senecan. Finally no line in D is a translation of anything in S.

Granted that this is true, is it not possible, nevertheless, that van den Bos used S as the source of the historical material that he incorporated in his play? This theory is untenable because the material in D in many respects is more nearly like that of the Chronicles than is S; and attaches itself, therefore, to the tradition of Richard III at a point earlier in its development than that represented by S. The resemblances which establish this point are of two sorts: (1) those of dramatic construction and (2) those of verbal similarity.

1. The first resemblance of the constructive sort occurs in D, I, 1. There the Churchman who discusses the rights of sanctuary with Buckingham and later seeks to induce the queen to entrust her second son to the regent is the Arch-

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<sup>1</sup> Hereafter in this discussion the Dutch play will be indicated by the letter D.

<sup>2</sup> Hereafter to be indicated by S.



bishop of York. In presenting this character van den Bos follows the tradition as it appears in Holinshed<sup>3</sup> and More; S, on the other hand, gives this part to Cardinal Bouchier of Canterbury,<sup>4</sup> as do Hall<sup>5</sup> and Polydore Vergil.<sup>6</sup> At this point, therefore, D attaches itself to the Richard III saga in a manner different from S and quite independent of it.

2. In D (I, 3, ll. 12-15) before Gloucester acquaints Buckingham with his fell purposes, he seeks to bind him as a confederate by promising him, as he does also in S,<sup>7</sup> the Duchy of Hartford. Then in D Gloucester adds, as he does not in S, "You know what my favor will be able to accomplish further when our houses are bound together in marriage." In adding this second point D is following the tradition as it appears in Holinshed, where we find the following:

Then it was agreed that the protector should have the duke's aid to make him King and that the protector's onelie lawfull sonne should marrie the duke's daughter.<sup>8</sup> etc.

In this respect D depends on an earlier and more circumstantial form of the tradition than that appearing in S.

3. In the same scene in D (I, 3, ll. 17ff.) immediately after Gloucester has made the above agreement with Buckingham, he introduces the subject of the murder of his nephews in the following absurdly nonchalant fashion:

When my nephews have been murdered by my hands, etc.

Buckingham is greatly shocked and suggests, instead of this crime, mere imprisonment and the scheme of asserting them to be bastards. In S, to be sure, Gloucester also tells Buckingham of his desire to have his nephews murdered, but only much later in the action.<sup>9</sup> It is in the tradition as it appears in the Chronicles that Richard, as in D, bares his most sinister intentions to Buckingham as soon as he has both young

<sup>3</sup> III, pp. 370ff.

<sup>4</sup> *Rich. III*, III, 1, *passim*.

<sup>5</sup> P. 352.

<sup>6</sup> cf. Churchill, p. 207. For this reason and others of a similar sort, when I quote the Chronicles, I shall choose Holinshed.

<sup>7</sup> *Rich. III*, III, 1, ll. 218-220.

<sup>8</sup> Holinshed, III, p. 378.

<sup>9</sup> *Rich. III*, IV, 2, 123. "Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead."

princes in his power. The passage as it appears in Holinshed is as follows:

But when he had imprisoned the queen's Kinsfolks and gotten both his sonnes into his owne hands, then he opened the rest of his purpose with less feare to them whome he thought meet for the matter and speciallie to the duke<sup>10</sup> etc.

4. The dramatization in D of the famous assembly in the Tower at which Hastings is accused of treason and hurried off to death contains more elements of the earlier version of the Chronicles than does S. Holinshed's description of the actual arrest is as follows:

And therewith as in a great anger, he (Gloucester) clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap. At which token one cried, Treason, without the Chamber. Therewith a doore clapped and in came there rushing men in harnesse, as manie as the chamber might hold.—And another let flie at the lord Stanleie, which shrunke at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had beene cleft to the teeth: for as shortlie as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his eares.<sup>11</sup>

D adopts practically all the features of this account.

DUKE: The matter lies all too clear. O wicked violator. Hear!

FROM WITHIN: Treason, treason!

DUKE: Come hither, soldiers of my body guard.

CAPT: Who is making an uproar here? Are you the one?

STANLEY: Silence, you miscreant. Lord Protector, what is the matter? Do you permit this mischief? Wherein have I offended your majesty?

DUKE: Stop! here is the man.<sup>12</sup>

In D the seizing of Stanley is clearly an unintentional mistake of the Captain; otherwise it follows the version of the Chronicle closely.

In S there is no signal to the body-guard ready to shout Treason; and Stanley is not even present.

<sup>10</sup> Holinshed, III, p. 378.

<sup>11</sup> Holinshed, III, p. 381.

<sup>12</sup> D, II, 2, ll. 100ff.

*Rich.*—

thou art a Traytor,  
 Off with his Head; now 'by Saint Paul I sweare  
 I will not dine, until I see the same.  
 Lowell and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done! [Exeunt.<sup>13</sup>

5. Another resemblance between the version of D and that of the Chronicles appears in Tyrrel's report of the murder of the Princes. In D (IV, 4, ll. 11, 12) he announces that they have been smothered adding

They are close by hidden secretly in the earth and the grave covered with stones, so that it won't be dug up.

This statement is exactly like that in the Chronicles:

They laid their bodies naked out upon the bed and fetched Sir James to see them; which upon the sight of them caused these murtherers to burie them at the staire foot, meetle deepe in the ground, under a great heape of stones.<sup>14</sup>

S, following a later sentence in the Chronicle,<sup>15</sup> has Tyrrel say,

The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,  
 But where (to say the truth) I do not know.<sup>16</sup>

In the treatment of these facts, S depends as clearly as D on the early version represented by the Chronicles; but the author of the latter selects an entirely different fact for dramatic use and so at another point attaches his play to the saga independently of S.

These examples are typical. Many others of a like sort exist, but the point need not be labored. One or two close verbal agreements between D and the language of the Chronicles will perhaps serve to establish D's independence of S beyond doubt.

<sup>13</sup> *Rich.* III, III, 4, ll. 85ff.

<sup>14</sup> Holinshed, III, 402.

<sup>15</sup> Whereupon they saie that a priest of Sir Robert Brakenberies tooke up the bodies againe, and secretlie interred them in such place, as by the occasion of his death, could never since come to light. Holinshed 402.

<sup>16</sup> *Rich.* III, IV, 2, ll. 170-171.

I. The discussion between the Bishop and Buckingham on the subject of sanctuaries follows the Chronicle much more closely than does S. The following parallel passages are from the Bishop's speech:

## HOLINSHED

## D

<p>Howbeit if she could be in so wise intreated with her good will to deliver him then thought he that it were not in anie wise to be attempted to take him out against her will.</p>	<p>Inasmuch as she can be made to yield by sweet and gentle reason—my judgment is to employ neither force nor hard constraint.</p>
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<p>For it should be a thing that would turne to the great grudge of all men, if the privilage of that holie place should now be broken, which both Kings and Popes so good had granted. Was there never so undevout a King that durst that sacred place violate.<sup>17</sup></p>	<p>One should not violate a sanctuary which the popes gave us—the violation of which might easily be prejudicial to the State . . . Never has a Prince laid violent hands upon so dear a pledge and not burned his fingers.<sup>18</sup></p>
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These extracts are enough to show how closely parallel the two speeches are. The Cardinal's speech in S, on the other hand, though embodying the same ideas, has not the verbal similarity to the type speech established above.

My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie  
 Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,  
 Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate  
 To milde entreaties, God forbid  
 We should infringe the holy Priviledge  
 Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land.  
 Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.<sup>19</sup>

In both D and the Chronicle the Bishop toward the end of his speech says that if he fail, it will be through womanish fear. This phrase Buckingham catches up in both accounts in almost the same words.

<sup>17</sup> Holinshed, III, p. 371, *passim*.

<sup>18</sup> I, 1, ll. 86ff.

<sup>19</sup> *Rich. III*, III, 1, ll. 49-55.

## CHRONICLE

## D

Buckingham breaks in upon the Bishop's "womanish feare" as follows:—"Womanish feare, naie womanish frowardness." In D he interrupts the Bishop's womanly feare (vrouwelijke vrees) with "rather stubbornness" (eerhartnekkigheid).

In S, on the other hand, Buckingham interrupts, not to criticize the queen, but to attack the Bishop.

You are too senseless obstinate, my Lord,  
Too ceremonious and traditional.<sup>20</sup>

With this utterly different beginning, the speech of Buckingham in S diverges completely from the Chronicles, while that in D follows the Chronicle with the same fidelity as does the above speech of the Bishop.

Of many other verbal agreements between the Chronicle and D, one further striking one will suffice. According to the Chronicles, after the capture of Rivers and Gray a messenger came from the lord chamberlain to the Archbishop of York assuring him that in spite of the capture all would be well. Then—"I assure him" (quoth the archbishop) "be it as well as it will, it will never be so well as we have sene it."<sup>21</sup> Act I, scene 2 of D begins as follows:

QUEEN: Well, what kind of an answer did you give the messenger?

HASTINGS: However it is or not.... and whatever the Chamberlain strove to make me believe.... however men arrange things, they shall not be as they were aforetime.

Hastings, who has been substituted for the Bishop, following as we shall see, a purely dramatic tradition, speaks the exact words of the Chronicle. Indeed without the aid of the historical source, we should have no idea what was the news that the messenger in D had brought. The Bishop in S makes no such speech to the messenger.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>20</sup> *Rich. III*, III, 1, ll. 56-7.

<sup>21</sup> Holinshed, III, p. 368.

<sup>22</sup> *Rich. III*, II, 4, ll. 43ff.

All this evidence makes it certain that the author of D had access to sources in which the Richard saga appeared in an earlier form than that it has assumed in S. This source may conceivably have been one of the Chronicles itself or perhaps a poem or drama somewhat slavishly dependent on such a history. Now it can be shown that a few years later in his life van den Bos had access to an English Chronicle. This fact would at first seem to indicate that D is an original Dutch composition based on English Chronicle material. The facts are these:

In 1658, seven years after the publication of *Den Roode en Witte Roos*, van den Bos published a *Fall of Princes*<sup>23</sup> in three volumes. Volume two, which covers approximately the hundred years from 1500 to 1600,<sup>24</sup> begins with the history of the Red and White Rose. It is a prose account of the struggles of the Houses of Lancaster and York, beginning with the reign of Richard II and ending with the betrothal of Henry VII and the Princess Elizabeth. This history is filled with details and circumstances to be found only in the extended Chronicles. Evidence of this truth is overwhelming.

In one interesting respect, to be sure, this Dutch prose history differs from all the Chronicle sources and resembles S. The Chronicles report that John the Duke of Norfolk was warned not to fight in the Battle of Bosworth field on the side of Richard. Indeed the night before he was to set forth to join the King, some one wrote on his gate

Jacke of Norffolke be not too bold  
For Dikon thy maister is bought and solde.<sup>25</sup>

S, however, writes the couplet with the word "too" in the first line changed to "so".

Jockey of Norfolke, be not so bold  
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>23</sup> *Het Vorstelick Treur-Toonnel of Op-en Onder-gang der Grooten, uyt verscheyde Schrijvers en Talen versamelt.* Door L. v. Bos. Amsterdam, 1658.

<sup>24</sup> "Begrypende omtrent hondert jaren van 1500 tot 1600 toe."

<sup>25</sup> Hollnshed, p. 444. Hall, p. 419.

<sup>26</sup> *Richard III*, V, 3, ll. 347-8.

The Dutch story curiously enough has embodied the same change:

O Jack of Norfolcke be not so bold  
For Dicke thy master is bought and sold.<sup>27</sup>

This small coincidence is, however, not enough to prove that van den Bos had other sources than the Chronicle before him when he wrote his prose account of the Wars of the Roses.

We must accept therefore, as proved, that before 1658 van den Bos knew at least one *English Chronicle story of Richard III*. Is it not then possible to say at once that the same Chronicle was the source of his tragedy written sometime before 1651, and that from this alone he obtained the material which he composed into a Senecan play stamped with his own genius?

This hypothesis is not a probable one for two reasons. In the first place there is some evidence to show that the source of van den Bos's play is not the same as that of his prose history. In the second place there are many facts which tend to show that D belongs to the English dramatic tradition of Richard III as distinguished from the purely historical saga. D shows resemblances to each of the extant Richard III plays—*Richardus Tertius*,<sup>28</sup> *The True Tragedie of Richard the third*,<sup>29</sup> and Shakespeare's *Richard III*<sup>30</sup>—in respects in which they differ from each other and from the Chronicle sources.

In writing D, van den Bos followed, as we have seen, the historical tradition which is represented by the account in Holinshed. He follows that version of the story instead of the one appearing in Hall in mentioning Gloucester's scheme for uniting his family with that of Buckingham through mar-

<sup>27</sup> *Het Vorstelick Treur-Toonneel*.

<sup>28</sup> Repr. in *The Publications of the Shakespeare Society*, No. 21, pp. 73-166, London, 1844.

<sup>29</sup> *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: with a lamentable end of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses Lancaster and Yorke*. London, 1594. (Text, Shak. Soc. No. 21, pp. 1-72, London, 1844.)

<sup>30</sup> References are to The New Variorum Edition.

riage,<sup>31</sup> and in having Richard send the Archbishop of York instead of the Archbishop of Canterbury to persuade the queen to allow her second son to leave the sanctuary.<sup>32</sup> In this later prose history, however, van den Bos follows the latter tradition and substitutes Canterbury for York.<sup>33</sup> This fact suggests that the source of the Dutch prose work was different from that of the play. It also tends to show that van den Bos in at least one case and perhaps in both followed his source slavishly. The Archbishop of York plays an important part in D. If he were in any sense the artistic creation of van den Bos, it is difficult to believe that he would not remember that it was this prelate who went to get the Duke of York out of sanctuary and not Cantelbury (sic), a name written down with obvious carelessness.

The accounts of Hall and Holinshed diverge so seldom in essentials of the narrative, that other differences between the drama and prose history directly traceable to a different source have not appeared. The significance of this difference in source for the two works lies in the fact that D does not depend on the chronicle source which we know van den Bos used a few years later for his prose history. That D is not derived from any chronicle at all, but from some dramatic version of the saga seems highly probable when we begin to examine the relation of D to the extant plays on the subject of Richard III.

### III

The oldest of the three dramas known to have been composed on this subject in England is the Latin *Richardus Tertius* written by Thomas Legge, Master of Caius College, probably about 1573.<sup>34</sup> It is a university play in which

<sup>31</sup> Vid. sup. p. 2.

<sup>32</sup> Vid. sup. p. 2.

<sup>33</sup> *Het Vorstelich Treur-Toouneel*. II, p. 29. Hy dan sendt Thomas Aertsblissop van Cantelbury (sic) met eenighe andere etc.

<sup>34</sup> See Churchill, *Richard III up to Shakespeare*, p. 267.



Richard is presented as a typically Senecan tyrant.<sup>35</sup> The author follows the chronicles closely for his facts and Seneca for his characterization and dramatic effects. Again and again he sees a resemblance between a situation in his story and one of Seneca's plays and puts into the mouths of his characters a paraphrase or even a transcript of the corresponding speech in the Latin drama. This play was never printed, as far as is known, until the 19th century, so that van den Bos can hardly have seen a copy of it. The resemblances between D and this *Richardus Tertius*<sup>36</sup> would rather show, therefore, that the Dutch author had access to some play into which had been incorporated some of the essential features of R. T.

The first scene of R. T. is typically Senecan in the dramatic effect that it seeks to make. The queen is discovered in sanctuary, utterly disconsolate and relating all her troubles to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Her husband is dead and she instinctively fears the tyranny of Richard. Her imagination conjures up fears of every conceivable sort, which the Archbishop attempts to dispel. He is met at every turn by fresh presentiments of evil with the result that the scene produces a distinctly Senecan effect of suspense and foreboding.

The chronicle authority for this scene is as follows: (I quote from Holinshed.)<sup>37</sup>

The queene herselfe sate alone alow on the rushes all desolate and dismaid, whome the archbishop comforted in best manner he could; showing hir that he trusted the matter was nothing so sore as she tooke it for, and that he was put in good hope and not of feare by the message sent him from the lord Chamberlaine. "Ah wo worth him!" (quoth she) "for he is one of them that laboreth to destroie me and my blood." "Madame" (quoth he) "be yee of good cheere, for I assure you, if they crowne anie other King than your sonne, whome they now have with them, we shall on the morrow crowne his brother whom you have with you," and therewith he betooke him the greate seale, and departed home againe, yet in the dawning of the daie.

<sup>35</sup> See Churchill's excellent analysis of this play, pp. 280-371.

<sup>36</sup> Hereafter to be indicated as R. T.

<sup>37</sup> III, p. 368.

This is but a scrap of dialogue in which the dramatic nature of that in R. T. is only remotely suggested. Legge has deliberately transformed it, so that he might give his play at the outset a Senecan atmosphere of approaching calamity. Van den Bos has given the similar scene in his play exactly the same spirit of suspense, produced by the same sort of elaboration.

In D this scene is the second one in the play, showing incidentally that D and R. T. begin at almost exactly the same place in the saga. Hastings, who takes the place of the Archbishop, is discovered in conversation with the queen in sanctuary. She shows the same instinctive dread of Richard's tyranny, the same oft-repeated presentiment of evil; and Hastings, like the Archbishop, makes the same unsuccessful efforts to soothe and comfort her. The conversation is filled with the same spirit of foreboding and produces the same breathless suspense.

These scenes are not alike in spirit and general outline alone. The phrases of D continually echo those of R. T., as the following examples attest.

### 1. R. T.

#### *Cardinal*

Cesset timere matris infaelicis amor,  
 Vanosq. desine falsa mentiri dolos  
 Injustus est rerum aestimator dolor.  
 Nunquid juvat terrere vano pectora  
 tremore? pessimus augur in malis timor,  
 Semperque sibi falsò, et suam  
 Vocat ruinam quamvis ignotam priùs.<sup>38</sup>

### D.

#### *Hastings*

A disordered imagination will not hasten on your misfortune  
 And a sad heart interprets everything in the worst possible way.<sup>39</sup>

<sup>38</sup> P. 78, col. 2.

<sup>39</sup> I, ii, ll. 48-49.

Do not let grief overpower you before your misfortunes assume clearer form in your mind.

2. R. T.

*Cardinal*

Hoc facile credunt, qui nimis miseri timent.

*Regina*

Quisquis cavet futura, torquetur minus.<sup>40</sup>

D.

*Queen*

But if I may believe my feelings in this matter, my grief today is great, but awaits a still greater blow.<sup>41</sup>

3. R. T.

*Cardinal*

Semper esse nun miseram juvat.

*Regina*

Timere didicit quisquis excelsus stetit.  
rebusque magnis alta clauditur quies.  
Auro venenum bibitur ignotum casae  
humili malum, ventisque cunctis cognita  
superba summo, tecta nutant culmine.<sup>42</sup>

*Bishop*

The whims of the mind alter with the times.

*Queen*

As my Lord has well and tersely said. He who now lies stricken was formerly in high position? I feel honored, and I think with reason, to have endured with others the chastisement of God.<sup>42</sup>

It may be argued that these verbal similarities are not close enough to establish the direct dependence of D upon R. T.

<sup>40</sup> R. T., p. 79, col. 2.

<sup>41</sup> D, I, ii, ll. 45-46.

<sup>42</sup> D, I, ii, ll. 64ff.

The sentiments are all commonplaces in Seneca and those in D might easily have been taken directly from the Latin author. This is true, but the important point for this study is that both plays embody the same Senecan sentiments in the same scene. This is stronger proof than closer similarity would be of the point I am trying to establish, which is not that R. T. is the source of D, but that the latter is at this point definitely like one dramatic tradition of the Richard III saga.

Another scene of the first act of D resembles in both spirit and language a similar one in R. T. I refer to the scene in which the queen surrenders her second child to the Archbishop, who has come as the Protector's emissary. In the *Chronicles* the queen talks and acts with dignity and restraint. She argues with skill and cogency; and when, persuaded by the Cardinal's promise to stand surety for the boy's safety, she takes leave of him, she shows the same control.

And therewithall she said unto the child; "Fare well mine owne sweete sonne, God send you good keeping: let me kisse you yet once eer you go, for God knoweth when we shall kisse together again." And therewith she kissed him and blessed him, turned his backe and wept and went hir waie, leaving the child weeping as fast.<sup>43</sup>

Legge transformed this scene into one of Senecan foreboding and wailing. He has clearly modelled it on the similar one in the *Troades* in which Andromache yields up Astyanax. This lament in R. T. continues for over forty lines. In D there is even a longer wail; in its various forms it extends over more than a hundred lines. In the frenzy of her refusal to give up her son, the queen faints from sheer suffering, but is quickly revived only to continue her invective against the protector and his emissary and to weep over her son. At one place she is interrupted long enough to carry on a short dialogue with the bishop in lines of well balanced stichomythia. In the treatment of this incident, then, D and R. T. are again very much alike in construction and dramatic spirit.

<sup>43</sup> Holinshed, III, 377.

The phrasing, too, is enough alike to show that both echo the impassioned verbiage of Seneca.

1. The queen in R. T. describes the manifestations of her grief as follows:

*Regina*

Concussit artus nostros horridus timor,  
torquetque vinctus frigido sanguis metu  
Quid agimus, animum distrahit dubius pavor  
Hinc natus urget, fortius illinc patruus

Quid fluctuaris? ergo prodixisti filium?  
et sponte quaesitum neci mater dabis?<sup>44</sup>

The mother in D is just as solicitous for the symptoms of her grief and just as doubtful about giving up her son.

This unwilling mood, this hammering of my veins, this beating of my heart, this stammering of my tongue, this trembling of my limbs, etc.<sup>45</sup>

.....Ah, my hand is willing to give him up, but my heart cannot. I will not surrender him; I will not be the cause of his death.... I will not betray him.<sup>46</sup>

2. The Queen in R. T. in addressing the child says:

Si vulnus haud statis miser, matris tuae  
imitare luctus: sin negat lachrymas tibi  
generosus animus; at suos planctus tamen  
concede matri, flere novimus prius  
En, sume fletus matris, è misero patris  
quicquid relictum funere: an quicquid potest  
febilis esse regis Eduardi nece?<sup>47</sup>

In D, too, the same ideas are presented by the queen:

Come here my dear child and help me to grieve for you.....  
You go to Edward and with him to the grave. You go to Edward  
to visit my Edward. You weep, and rightly.<sup>48</sup>

<sup>44</sup> R. T., I, IV, p. 95, col. 1.

<sup>45</sup> D, I, ii, ll. 199ff.

<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.*, ll. 228ff.

<sup>47</sup> R. T., I, IV, p. 96, col. 1.

<sup>48</sup> D, I, ii, ll. 187ff.

3. In both laments, too, the queen threatens to kill herself if her boys are slain.

Si dura parvum fata quaerunt, ultimum  
domus tuae funus, petam mater simul  
viventis oculos ad mea claudam manu  
et matris in sinu puer pereas. . . .<sup>49</sup>

In D she says:

Ah, well, let them bring to you then my one solace, lead him where you will. . . . But don't think that I shall remain after my treasures in your wretched vale of sorrow or that I shall survive them.<sup>50</sup>

4. In D the queen swoons after she has accused the Bishop of conspiring with all her enemies even to dig up the bones of King Edward.<sup>51</sup> In the Chronicle this swooning takes place later in the story, when the death of the princes is announced to her.

Fore feare she sounded and fell doune to the ground and then lay in a great agonye like to a deade corps.<sup>52</sup>

In R. T. the swoon takes place at this later point in the narrative. The Ancilla, imitating closely the description of Hecuba's swoon in *The Troades*,<sup>53</sup> describes the Regina as follows:

Labefacta mens succumbit: assurge: hei mihi  
rursus cadentem misera spiritum leva.  
Spirat, revixit, tarda mors miseros fugit.<sup>54</sup>

The swoon in D, I, ii, follows this Senecan tradition. The queen's daughters upon whom she calls take the place of the Ancilla. The Bishop calls to her and his final "Soft, she revives" corresponds to the Ancilla's solicitous attentions to the queen.

<sup>49</sup> R. T., I, IV, p. 96, col. 2.

<sup>50</sup> D, I, ii, ll. 183ff.

<sup>51</sup> D, I, ii, ll. 123ff.

<sup>52</sup> Hall, p. 379.

<sup>53</sup> *Troades* 949-954. cf. Churchill 327.

<sup>54</sup> R. T., III, I, p. 135, col. 1.

The first act of *D* contains one other Senecan characteristic in common with the first act of *R. T.* In scene 1, Gloucester, in trying to convince the young King that his arrest of Rivers and Gray was justified, makes extravagant protestations of complete loyalty.

Realize that your uncle's heart beats true within its breast, that it would rather break and split by main force than have anyone reproach it with faithlessness.<sup>55</sup>

In *R. T.* I, ii, the corresponding scene in which Gloucester and Buckingham meet the young King, the former makes similar exaggerated profession of his loyalty.

Sulcabit astra navis et saevo mari  
ignota quercus surget, oblitum tui  
si quando falsa corrumpat fides.<sup>56</sup>

These extravagant Senecan protestations, unlike anything in the *Chronicles*, come at the same point in the story in both plays. The one in *D*, therefore, is clearly the echo of the other.

In Act II of *D* there are at least two dramatic moments which bear distinct resemblance to *R. T.* After Hastings has been arrested on the absurd charges of Richard, Stanley in lamenting for him utters the familiar Senecan cry against fortune.

Now I see that no one may escape his misfortune, and that whatever Heaven wills, that shall and must come to pass. In vain it is for man to strive against his Fate—Despise, oh wretched man, if you will, the warnings which Heaven gave you—O Hastings! Hastings! if you had not rejected my faithful service. It is often one's friend himself who lays snares for one.<sup>57</sup>

In *R. T.* Hastings himself, after he has been arrested, utters the same sort of Senecan cry against fortune. He expresses the same ideas that Stanley does.

<sup>55</sup> *D*, I, i, ll. 26-28.

<sup>56</sup> *R. T.*, I, II, p. 83, col. 2.

<sup>57</sup> *D*, II, iv, ll. 1ff.

1. The helplessness of man in the toils of his Fate, *e. g.*,  
 ludunt genus  
 mortale caeca fata: praemonstrant malum  
 vitare, quod vetant tamen.<sup>58</sup>

2. That one is often betrayed by one's apparent friends:  
 meorum prodidit fallax amor

3. The folly of having despised the warning of Stanley's dream.

Perteritus  
 somno nihil Stanleus haeros commovet etc.<sup>59</sup>

For none of these ideas is there any direct authority of the Chronicles at this point, so that the appearance of these two similar speeches at the same point in the story indicates that the two plays belong to the same dramatic tradition. In S, too,<sup>60</sup> Hastings makes a speech as he is hurried to execution. In it he laments his folly in not heeding the warnings of Stanley, but utters no cry against Fate.

In both D and R. T., moreover, a messenger gives an account of Hastings's death for which there is but the barest hint in the Chronicles. Holinshed has the following:

So was he brought fourth to the greene beside the chappell within the tower, and his head laid downe upon a log of timber and there stricken off.<sup>61</sup>

The messenger's account in D is like this in that he calls the place of execution "the green field" and says that he laid his head upon a "beam found there by chance." Here D is more like the Chronicles than any of the other dramatic versions. The messenger then adds a description of the stoic bravery of Hastings and reports two speeches,—one in which he sends his thanks to Stanley for past favors and one in which he hurls defiance at the tyrant who has caused his death.

<sup>58</sup> R. T., I, v, p. 105, col. 2.

<sup>59</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 106, col. 1.

<sup>60</sup> *Rich.* III, III, iv, ll. 90ff.

<sup>61</sup> Holinshed, III, p. 381.



In R. T., also,<sup>62</sup> a messenger gives an account of the death of Hastings, which resembles the report in D in that he makes direct reference to the executioner's leading the condemned man to the block.

Postquam ad locum durus satelles traxerit,  
Ad astra tollit heros lumina:  
Ex ore casto concipit Deo preces

Vix ultimas moratur carnifex preces  
quin solvit illico ense corporis obicem.

The reference to this fact in D is as follows:

Then gripped he by the hand the executioner, who led him to the block.—He waited for the blow which the murderous axe immediately gave him, and thus cut the praiseworthy head from the body.

Hasting's prayer in R. T. also corresponds roughly to the speeches which he makes in D. The Dutch version, as usual, whenever it shows resemblance to the Latin play, represents a very much expanded account of the dramatic material contained in R. T.

After these events there is a scene in R. T., like many others in this play, in which Richard and his fellow conspirators consult and agree upon events which later come to pass.<sup>63</sup> Here Gloucester tells Buckingham that Hastings is dead. Then Buckingham asks:

Puerum levem regnare? fortunae jocus  
lasciva ridens sceptrā miscet litibus:  
Virtus suo succumbet infans ponderi.<sup>64</sup>

In D at exactly the same place Richard advances the same excuse for assuming the crown. The change in speaker is natural because Richard in D has none of the hypocritical deference which in both R. T. and S induces him to permit certain suggestions to come from his confederates.

It has then been accomplished and in this manner Hastings has been destroyed.—To prevent so great a burden from being too

<sup>62</sup> R. T., I, v, p. 106, col. 2.

<sup>63</sup> cf. Churchill, p. 301.

<sup>64</sup> R. T., II, i, p. 110, col. 2.

heavy for them, I remove it from their shoulders and place it upon mine.<sup>65</sup>

Act III of D bears no distinctive resemblance to R. T. Buckingham's long speech to the populace and Gloucester's first vehement rejection of the proposal to make him king can both be regarded as dramatic intensifications of the material in the Chronicles. Thus such remarks of Gloucester's as, "Do you thus paint black with horrors the years in which it is fitting for me to think of the grave?" exaggerate almost to the point of absurdity the hypocrisy of the Chronicles. It is exaggeration in the spirit of Seneca, though not in imitation of the corresponding part of the story R. T. In D, furthermore, Richard does not appear between two bishops, as he does in all the other dramatic versions including R. T. In this respect D is like the account in Holinshed. Richard's appearance between the two bishops is an addition made to More's story by the Hardyng continuator and copied by Hall and Grafton but not by Holinshed.<sup>66</sup> Here then, D shows, as elsewhere, complete independence of the known dramatic versions.

In Act IV of D occurs one of the most striking resemblances between this play and R. T.,—namely a scene in which Richard woos his niece, in person. The Chronicles furnish only the merest hint for this dramatic situation. Hall and Holinshed have the following:

The King thus<sup>67</sup> (according to his long desire) losed out of the bonds of matrimonie, began to cast a foolish fantasie to ladie Elizabeth his niece making much sute to have her ionied with him in lawful matrimonie. But because all men and the maiden herselfe most of all detested and abhorred this unlawfull and in manner unnatural copulacion; he determined to prolong and defer the matter, till he were in a more quietnesse.<sup>68</sup>

The words "making much sute" are the vague suggestions from which Legge and van den Bos have developed dramatic

<sup>65</sup> D., II, v, *passim*.

<sup>66</sup> cf. Churchill, p. 314.

<sup>67</sup> By the suspiciously timely death of Queen Anne.

<sup>68</sup> Holinshed, III, p. 431; Hall, 407.

scenes of the King's wooing of his niece. In R. T. it is distinctly Senecan in character. As Professor Churchill has suggested,<sup>69</sup> it is doubtless reminiscent of the scene in *Hercules Furens* in which the tyrant Lyeus woos Megara only to be rejected with the utmost scorn. The Filia in R. T. is revolted by Richard's past crimes and by the new one he purposes to commit in marrying her. Though he frankly admits his wickedness, he declares himself repentant and willing to expiate his crimes by death.<sup>70</sup> The Filia however repels him violently.

Prius Aetna gelidas emittet ardeus aquas,  
Nilusgue vagus ignitas laminas vomet

Sit amor, sit odium, sit ira, vel sit fides;  
Non curo: placet odisse, quicquid cogitas.  
Tuus prius penetrabit ensis pectora,  
Libido quam cognata corpus polluat

When he attempts to force her to accept his offer by threatening her with death, she replies,

Mallem mori virgo, tyranna quam viro  
incesta vivere, diis, hominibus invida.

and a moment later she breaks out again:

Neronis umbrae, atque furiae Cleopatrae  
truces resurgite, similem finem date  
his nuptiis, qualem tulit Oedipodae domus.  
Nec sufficit fratres necasses tuos principes?  
et nobili foedare caede dexteram?  
Quin et integram stuprare quaeras virginem  
maritus? o mores, nefanda o tempora.

As she rushes out in horror, Richard remarks,

Discessit et nostras fugit demens thoros  
negligit amores stulta virgo regios.<sup>71</sup>

<sup>69</sup> p. 349.

<sup>70</sup> In this respect, as Churchill indicates, (p. 349) this scene resembles the one in S, in which Richard woos Lady Anne.

<sup>71</sup> R. T., III, iv, p. 155, *passim*.

It is obvious that Legge's interest in this scene lay in the Filia's rhetorical assertions of her passionate devotion to purity.

In D there is a scene very similar to this one.<sup>72</sup> The Princess is summoned by her mother to submit to Richard's wooing. She repulses it as violently as does Filia. She is filled with horror at giving her hand to a man "who has drunk his father's blood and ours too." Of a more masculine temper than the Filia, she wishes the sword, which in R. T. she is willing to let be her executioner, were put into her hand so that she might pierce her uncle's "cursed entrails". Rather than endure even the sight of Richard, she prefers blindness. And she leaves threatening to take vengeance herself. Then Richard, like the King in R. T. remarks,

Accursed woman, what must I endure from you.  
She goes and leaves me here alone.

This scene only remotely suggested by the Chronicles is obviously like the similar one in R. T. in dramatic value and verbal content. The Princess here is, to be sure, more of a virago. She does not feel that mere willingness to sacrifice all for purity will bring her the vindication she desires. She is eager to brandish a sword and to avenge herself the insult offered her. The dramatic interest in both scenes, however, lies in the repulse which the villain encounters from a resolute girl.

In Act IV, Scene V of D, the queen makes one speech of Senecan foreboding which can be understood only when it is compared with a speech of the Regina in R. T. in the same situation. The Queen in D has apparently been told of the death of her sons and opens the scene with the line, "Was it not that which my heart previously seemed to forebode." Unless she is referring to the premonitions of disaster to which she gave expression early in the play, this line conveys no definite impression at all. In R. T., however, the Regina on this

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<sup>72</sup> D., IV, vi, *passim*.

occasion has a dream which has rightly filled her with gloomy fears.

vidi minantem concito cursu heu aprum  
natosque frendens dente laniavit truci  
utrosque saevus mactat.<sup>73</sup>

Some definite presage of disaster, such as this dream, must be presupposed if the first line of D, IV, V, is to be more than the vaguest sort of Senecan cry against Fate. Its omission from the Dutch play looks like an oversight of the compiling author.

Finally in the fifth act of D, there is a scene the dramatic effect of which is like a similar scene in R. T., largely because both are founded on the same perversion of the Chronicles. Both of these plays make Richmond's landing on the coast of Wales a preliminary rout of Richard's forces and a foretaste of the final disaster. This transformation of the landing into a terrifying military incursion is completely at variance with the accounts given in the Chronicles. Both Hall and Holinshed have the following:

He arryved in Wales in the evenyng at a porte called Mylford Haven and incontinent tooke land and came to a place called Dalle where he heard saye that a certeine company of his adversaries were leyed in garrison to defende his arryvall all the last wynter, and the earle at the sunne rising remooved to Hereford west, being distant from Dalle not full ten miles, where he was ioifullie received by the people, and he arryved there so suddenlie, that he was come and entered the towne at the same time when the citi-zenz had but knowledge of his comming.<sup>74</sup>

Scene v of Act III of R. T., which is entirely devoted to Richmond's invasion, is opened by a messenger, who gives the following alarming account of the landing.

Fuge, fuge, civis, haeret a tergo Comes:  
minatur horrendum furor Richmondius;  
portum pedite Milfordium immani premit  
totamque calcat proditam sibi Walliam  
furens comes toti minatur Angliae.<sup>75</sup>

<sup>73</sup> R. T. III, i. p. 134, col. 2.

<sup>74</sup> Holinshed, III, p. 434; Hall, p. 410.

<sup>75</sup> R. T., III, v, p. 156, col. 2.

At this news men rush away in fear, while their wives cling to them and an old woman beseeches her son not to desert her. That all this may have the proper dramatic force, the author inserts the following marginal stage direction, "Heare let divers mutes run over the stage from divers places for feare."

This scene is directly at variance with Legge's main dramatic purpose,—that of representing Richmond as coming not as an object of fear, but as a deliverer from the oppressions of Richard. But Seneca's influence indicated that here an effective scene might be presented: so the *furor Richmondius* and *furens Comes* appear in spite of their inconsistency with the larger aspects of dramatic construction.

From this point R. T. dramatizes the various speeches and parleys of the Chronicles between Richmond's arrival in England and the final battle. The progress of this conflict itself is indicated dramatically by mutes and messengers. The stage directions are as follows: "Let hear be the like noyse as before, and after a while let a capitaine run after a souldier or two, with a sword drawne driveinge them againe to the feild and say as followeth

*Centurio*

Ignave miles, quo fugis? nisi redis  
meo peribis ense

After the like noise againe, let souldiers run from the feild, over the stage one after another, flinging of their harnesse, and att length let some come haltinge and wounded." . . . Then a messenger enters to describe Richard's death. His account follows the Chronicles closely. Richard slays Sir William Brandon, Richmond's standard bearer and overthrowing Sir John Cheney comes face to face with Richmond. The two fight.

Aequo Marte pugnatur diu  
donec tot hostes convolent illo simul  
ut ille multis vulneribus fossus cadat.<sup>76</sup>

<sup>76</sup> R. T., III, v, p. 163 *passim*.

The dramatic description of the battle in D (V, v) is given as in R. T. by fleeing soldiers and messengers. By a strange misconception the landing of Richmond in Wales is here made a part of the Battle of Bosworth Field. The first messenger, fleeing wounded, reports to Stanley and the Bishop of York, Richmond's landing to be of the same alarming character as it is made to appear in R. T. The soldier had been on guard in some sort of fortress at Bishopsport. In the middle of the night he, with his companions, had been surprised by Richmond's force, which beat down the "wooden gate" and overwhelmed them before they could arm themselves. He had done his best, but now must flee to safety. "Pardon me, my Lord, that I cannot do anything here. The threatening danger forbids me to stay."<sup>77</sup>

This speech is plainly the Dutch dramatic equivalent of the scene in R. T. in which Richmond's landing produces the same sort of sudden terror and helter-skelter flight. The two plays at this point, therefore, represent the same specific dramatic tradition.

A second messenger in D describes Richard's death, as does the similar messenger in R. T. Only in the former Richmond himself is able to give the arch traitor the sword-thrust which kills him. He, too, flies in terror, after having delivered himself of his message. This resemblance between the second messengers in the two plays is only a general one of Senecan tradition. It is of some significance, however, that this likeness to the older tradition appears at the same point in both plays.

The resemblances between D and R. T. which I have pointed out are too numerous and circumstantial to be fortuitous. They are not, to be sure, of that exact sort which establishes one play as the direct source of the other. Verbal similarities when they appear are nearly always in the form of some common Senecan apothegm. The facts which I have presented, therefore, tend to show merely this: D and R. T. at some points belong to the same dramatic tradition of the saga of Richard III. More definite pronouncement of the

<sup>77</sup> D, V, v, ll. 54-55.

character of this relationship can be made only when the relation of D to the other extant English plays on Richard III has been examined.

## IV

With *The True Tragedy of Richard the Third*<sup>78</sup> D possesses but one resemblance of a large constructive sort. This play of anonymous authorship first appeared in the *Stationers Register* under date of June 19, 1594. Written probably about 1590, it is one of the dramas of that time which are both history-plays and plays of revenge. It is written partly in prose and partly in verse of the most various sorts, including heavy blank verse and rhymed couplets,—the verse form of D.

In this play there is presented a scene for which there is no Chronicle authority. After Richmond's victory over Richard, the queen Elizabeth appears<sup>79</sup> with her daughter to thank the new King for avenging her wrongs and to give him her daughter to wife. In D, too, there is exactly such a scene.<sup>80</sup> The mere fact of the existence in the two plays of this scene which has no Chronicle warrant is in itself remarkable, but the two scenes are not unlike even in verbal particulars.

In T. T. the Queen says,

Richmond, gramercies for thy kinde good newes<sup>81</sup> which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies.<sup>82</sup>

So in D the queen remarks:

May Heaven let the Kingdom remain forever in your family, noble Prince, faithful avenger of my burdensome cross.—Oh that

<sup>78</sup> Printed for the Shakespeare Society, London, 1844. All my references will be to the text of this edition. Hereafter in this discussion this play will be indicated by T. T.

<sup>79</sup> T. T., pp. 67 and 68.

<sup>80</sup> D., V, vi, ll. 58ff.

<sup>81</sup> This refers to Richmond's assurances that Dorset will come home again safe.

<sup>82</sup> T. T., p. 67.



Heaven might grant me time and occasion to do you such service as you deserve from me.<sup>83</sup>

Then in T. T. Richmond asks the queen for the hand of Princess Elizabeth:

Madame pardon me tho' I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made which was confirmed by diverse of the Peeres, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and having ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to have my due.

In D the Duke makes the same request in these words:

If you might deem me worthy of so great an honor, I ask your child, Elizabeth, in marriage, in order that the great break may be healed forever and thus joined the red and white rose.<sup>84</sup>

In T. T. Elizabeth meekly submits herself entirely to her mother's wish,

Then know, my Lord, that if my mother please,  
I must in dutie yield to her command.

In D this same attitude of submission is shown by the mother,

Receive her not as her husband, receive her as her Lord. As her mother, I shall never cease to admonish her to consider herself as one among all your subjects.<sup>85</sup>

In T. T. the mother, with obvious reference to the great Faery Queen, wishes Richmond joy as follows:

And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth may live for aye, and never yield to death.

In D the corresponding wish of the queen is given a more pious tone.

I pray that the Lord may wish you eternal joy.<sup>86</sup>

<sup>83</sup> D., V, vi, ll. 63ff.

<sup>84</sup> *Ibid.*, ll. 78ff.

<sup>85</sup> *Ibid.*, ll. 90ff.

<sup>86</sup> *Ibid.*, ll. 92.

These two scenes, then, both quite without Chronicle authority, are alike both in general nature and definite dramatic structure. Such similarity is hardly fortuitous.

Furthermore in both plays this meeting between Richmond and the queen and the princess is part of the scene in which he is crowned king. This function has Chronicle authority. Holinshed writes:

He ascended up to the top of a littell mountain, where he not only prayed and lawded his valiaunt souldiours, with promise of condigne recompense for their fidelite and valiaunt factes, willing and commaunding al the hurt and wounded persons to be cured, and the dead carcasses to be delivered to the sepulture.<sup>87</sup> Then the people reioyced and clapped handes cryng up to Heaven Kyng Henry, Kyng Henry. When the lord Stanley saw the good will of the people he took the crowne of King Richard which was founde amongst the spoyle in the felde, and set it on the erles head.<sup>88</sup>

In T. T. the crown and insignia are presented to Richmond by Stanley with full consent of the Peers; in D the insignia is presented by the Mayor before he is acclaimed King. In T. T. all shout,

Long live Henry VII, King of England!

In D all shout,

Long live King Henry! Long live King Henry!

In T. T. he responds,

Thanks, loving friends and my kind countrymen, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from the Commonwealth.

In D he says,

I thank you a thousand times, my loving subjects; may Heaven long grant you the enjoyment of peace and protect you from strife and mutual quarrels.

<sup>87</sup> In D this becomes a command to search out the bodies of the murdered princes and to bury them in the tomb of their fathers.

<sup>88</sup> Hall, p. 420.

These resemblances are significant only when it is remembered that they appear in scenes which are alike and distinct from all other versions of the saga.

There are a few other interesting, though unessential resemblances between T. T. and D. In T. T. Buckingham in lamenting the part that he has played in advancing Richard's plots says:

Ah Buckingham, was not thy meaning good in displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull King? Ah Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower.<sup>89</sup>

So Buckingham in D is *too late* to prevent the death of the princes.

BUCK: I go straightway to prevent the deed, in whatever way it is being accomplished.

RICH: I command you to stay.

BUCK: I shall go anyway.

RICH: I tell you it is too late.

BUCK: Oh godless compulsion, oh tyrant! oh traitor!<sup>90</sup>

In both T. T. and D also especial emphasis is laid on the fact that by smothering the Princes the murderers will have to shed no blood. Only Hall among the Chronielers mentions this, and he in a cursory fashion.

For James Tirrel devised that they should be murdered in their beddes, and no blood shed.<sup>91</sup>

But in T. T. Terril makes this definite announcement.

The King's pleasure is this, that he will have no blood shead in the deed doing.<sup>92</sup>

Similarly in D. Richard exclaims,

With pillows you say, you put an end to their lives? That's excellent. Thus you did not have to spill any blood.<sup>93</sup>

<sup>89</sup> T. T. p. 46.

<sup>90</sup> D., IV, ii, ll. 31ff.

<sup>91</sup> Hall, p. 378.

<sup>92</sup> T. T., p. 41.

<sup>93</sup> D., IV, iv, ll. 3ff.

Finally it may be worth noting that in T. T. and D, Richard is actually slain by Richmond (as, to be sure, he is in S but not in the Chronicles or R. T.) and that the death in both cases is reported by a messenger.<sup>94</sup> The dramatic value of the death of Richard is identical, then, only in these two plays.

## V

Not only does D resemble these early English plays about Richard III, but in certain points of structure it approaches Shakespeare's play more nearly than any other known version of the story. One of the most striking of these correspondences is the scene in which Richard sues Queen Elizabeth for the hand of her daughter. The only hint for this scene in the Chronicles, I have quoted above in discussing its relation to the scene in Legge where the king woos his niece.

Shakespeare has introduced no such encounter between Richard and the Princess Elizabeth. Such a direct check as hers at this point in Richard's career would have been incompatible with the guiding principle of his dramatic construction. The tyrant's triumphs were to continue unchecked until Nemesis through the instrumentality of Richmond overtook him. Shakespeare, therefore, substitutes a trenchant dialogue between Richard and the queen in which he gradually wins from her something near to consent to his wooing of the princess.

The king's method is very like that which he adopted in his wooing of Anne. He adroitly kindles her anger in the hope that it will burn itself out in a series of flashes. He begins by merely mentioning the princess:

You have a daughter call'd Elisabeth  
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious

To this the queen replies with a burst of irony and anger not all unexpected:

<sup>94</sup> In T. T. it is a page who makes the report, cf. p. 65.

And must she dye for this? O let her live  
And I'll corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,

At first the queen bitterly attacks Richard for his crimes against her family, without provoking him, however, to any sort of defence. He treats all her personal anger with studied irrelevance, adroitly transforming an apparently frank admission of guilt into skilfully reiterated pleading. For example, when she violently reproaches him with his foulest deeds, he suggests.

Say that I did all this for love of her.

After wooing of this sort, half-ironical in method, but wholly serious in intention, he breaks into speeches of sustained ardour which seem to have won the queen. Richard, at least, is convinced that she has consented to be the attorney of his love to her daughter.

In *De Roode en Witte Roos* Richard opens the corresponding scene with an attempt to comfort the grieving queen which seems to her pure hypocrisy: "You are no stranger to the cause of my grief", she exclaims in a sentence which in this play is the sole equivalent of the series of reproaches uttered by Shakespeare's queen. Then, as in *Richard the Third*, the king admits the grievous wrong he has done her, but suggests that he did it reluctantly, at the behest of the commons. At this moment he is eager to make amends:

Here now I stand, nay I kneel at thy feet, ready in every way to assuage thy grief. My true love shall make recompense for all my guilt. Dry thy tears, my Lady, have more patience. Instead of sister—a name which I today will forget—henceforth thou shalt be called my mother. What if the people has transferred the crown from thee to me! I shall again confer it with all honor upon thy heritors—if thou wilt but consent to my desire. Give me now thy daughter Elizabeth in marriage.<sup>95</sup>

These lines certainly recall the following lines from Shakespeare:

<sup>95</sup> *De Roode en Witte Roos*, IV, vi, 29-36.

Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:  
 Men shall deale unadvisedly sometimes,  
 Which after houres give leysure to repent.  
 If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,  
 To make amends, Ile give it to your daughter.  
 If I have killed the issue of your wombe,  
 To quicken your encrease, I will beget  
 Mine yssue of your blood upon your Daughter.  
 A Grandam's name is little lesse in love,  
 Then is the doting Title of a Mother,<sup>96</sup>

. . . . .  
 Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go.<sup>97</sup>

. . . . .  
 Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so).<sup>98</sup>

The intellectual content of these two passages is practically the same.<sup>96</sup> In both plays Richard insinuates with an hypocrisy donned for a definite purpose the repentance of his crimes.<sup>97</sup> In both passages he offers to make amends for his theft of the crown. From the queen's family he has stolen it; to the queen's family he will return it through his projected marriage with her daughter.<sup>98</sup> In both passages Richard makes much of the new relationship which he hopes is to be established between him and the queen. He seeks to win her with the dear name he has robbed of half its significance. Only in Shakespeare, to be sure, does "mother" flash out each time Richard's diabolical humility and ironical tenderness.

The queen in the Dutch play answers the pleading of the king with feigned humility. "You really do us too great an honor," she says. "A person of greater power would be a stronger stay for your throne. As for us, let us enjoy but peace and oblivion." To which Richard replies: "You mock me, lady."

In Shakespeare's plays he makes exactly the same remark to the queen. There, to be sure, it is a reply to her savagely sarcastic advice as to the proper methods of wooing her daughter.

<sup>96</sup> *Rich. the Third*, IV, iv, 308-317.

<sup>97</sup> *Ibid.*, I, 340.

<sup>98</sup> *Ibid.*, I, 435.

Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers  
A paire of bleeding hearts. . . . .

*Richard.* You mock me, Madam, this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

This bit of verbal identity between the plays is interesting; and if fortuitous, really remarkable.

In spite of the hostile attitude of the queen, in both plays Richard urges the mother to further his wishes. "Your maternal influence in the matter reassures me," he says in the Dutch play,—a speech which is a condensed equivalent of his long appeal in Shakespeare's play for the mother to serve as his active emissary. The queen in van den Bos's play disclaims any influence upon her daughter and urges Richard not to make an effort to win her which she knows will prove futile. Nevertheless he orders the obdurate princess to come into his presence at once. She appears and repels her uncle's advances with as much horror as she had shown in *Richardus Tertius* and more fury. She even begs for a sword to plunge into the cursed entrails of her brother's murderer. Her mother's plea that she heed her uncle only aggravates her righteous anger and she leaves threatening Richard with dire vengeance. The queen after reminding the rejected lover that she had warned him of the refusal, begs permission to depart. Richard, by this time irate, shouts,

Go, and may the Devil curse you and all your race!

In Shakespeare's play the interview ends with a similar contemptuous thrust by Richard:

Bear e her my true loves kisse, and so farewell,  
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

Except for the introduction of the princess in an interview which might be an intensified version of the similar one in *Richardus Tertius*, the two scenes are alike in construction and progress of dramatic idea. The very conception of the dialogue between the queen and Richard on this subject, alike in both plays, yet not indicated in chronicle sources, suggests a relation of some sort between the two dramas. Moreover,

Richard attempts to win the mother to his plans by the same sort of specious, insinuating flattery. The Dutch play may well represent a version which is an elaboration of Legge's simple Senecan invention. If such a version had been known to Shakespeare, it is easy to see why he should have rejected this part of the story on the ground that Richard's repulse by Elizabeth would be inconsistent with his conception of his villain hero and the nature of his tragedy.<sup>99</sup> Nemesis could not have been allowed to possess a multitude of instruments or gradually to have worn away the king's insolent power. It had to strike instantaneously and through a single human agent. Once the princess is eliminated from this scene, however, the dialogue that remains is nothing but a rudimentary form of Shakespeare's highly wrought scene.

The *Roode en Witte Roos* is like Shakespeare in other respects in which they both differ from the chronicles. One case in point is the interview between Gloucester and the young king upon the latter's arrival in London to be crowned. The boy is greatly distressed at the cruel arrest of his uncles Rivers and Grey. Richard naturally asserts that they were dangerous traitors, seeking thereby to transform his own base conduct into distinterested patriotism in the eyes of his nephew and to allay his intrusive suspicions.<sup>1</sup>

In both Hall and Holinshed the rudiments of such a scene take place at Stony Stratford, whither Gloucester and Buckingham have ridden to get the king completely in their power before he reaches London. In Hall's Chronicle the events are related as follows:

And then (after River's arrest) they mounted on horsebacke and came in haste to Stony Stratforde, where the Kyng was goyng to horsebacke, because he would leave the lodgyng for them, for it was to straight for both the compaignies. And when they came to his presence, they alighted and their compaignie aboute them and on their knees saluted hym, and he them gently received, nothing yerthly knowyng nor mistrusting as yet.—And therewith in the Kinge's presence they picked a quarrel to the Lord Richard

<sup>99</sup> The scene found inept at this point, Shakespeare probably used as a model for Richard's wooing of Anne. Vide *infra*, pp. 53ff.

<sup>1</sup> *Roode en Witte Roos*, I, 1 and *Richard the Third*, III, 1.



Grey, the quene's sone, and brother to the lord Marquess and halfe-brother to the King, saiying that he and the Marques his brother and the lord Ryvers his uncle had compassed to rule the Kyng and realme—and towarde the accomplishment of the same, they sayde, the lord Marques had entred into the towre of London, and thence had taken out treasure and sent men to sea, which thynges these dukes knewe well were done for a good purpose and as very necessary, appointed by the whole counsaill at London, but somewhat they muste say. Unto the whiche woordes the Kyng answered, what my brother Marques hath done I cannot say, but in good faythe I dare well answer for mine uncle Rivers and my brother here, that they be innocente of suche matters. Yee, my lieage, quod the duke of Buckyngham, they have kept the dealyng of these matters farre from the knowledge of youre good grace.— And there they sent from the kyng whom it pleased them, and set aboute him such servantes as better pleased them then him. At which dealyng he wepte and was not content, but it booted not... In this maner as you have heard, the Duke of Gloucester toke on him the governaunce of the younge Kyng, whom with much reverence he conveied towards Londou.<sup>2</sup>

The scene in the *True Tragedie of Richard the Third*, the earliest extant dramatization of this particular part of the story, follows closely the above account. It, too, is laid in Stony Stratford, and in all essentials is a mere mechanical elaboration of the material in the chronicles. After Gloucester, Buckingham and "their train" have arrested Rivers, they meet the young King.

RICHARD: Long live my Princely Nephew in all happinesse.

KING: Thanks unckle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you have made hast, for we lookt not for you as yet.

Then Lord Grey upon the merest pretext is accused of malice to the royal blood and arrested as traitor. The young King protests against this seizure as palpable contempt for his authority and as unjust to Lord Grey.

KING: I know my uncle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from us.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Hall's Chronicle, etc., carefully collated with the editions of 1548 and 1550. London, 1809, p. 349.

RICHARD: Yes, secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse, my Lord, you are a child, and they use you as a child; but they consult and conclude of such matters as were we not carefull, would prove preiudiciall to your Maiesties person. Therefore let not your grace feare anything by our determination, for as my authoritie is only under your grace, so shall my loyalte deserve hereafter the just recompense of a true subject, therefore I hauing charge from my brother, your father, and our late deceased king, during the minorite of your grace, I will use my authoritie as I see good.<sup>3</sup>

In Shakespeare there is no scene exactly corresponding to this one. The arrest of Lord Rivers and Lord Grey is reported by a messenger. The interview between the young king, Gloster, Buckingham, the Lord Cardinal and others, in defiance of Chronicle authority laid in London, is as follows:

*Buckingham.* Welcome, sweete Prince of London,  
To your Chamber.

*Richard.* Welcome deere Cosin, my thoughts Soueraign  
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.

*Prince.* No Unkle, but our crosses on the way,  
Hauē made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie.  
I want more Unkles heere to welcome me.

*Richard.* Sweet Prince, the untainted vertue of your yeers  
Hath not yet diu'd into the World's deceit;  
No more can you distinguish of a man,  
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,  
Seldome or neuer jumpeth with the heart.  
Those Unkles which you want, were dangerous:  
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,  
But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:  
God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.

*Princc.* God keepe me from false Friends,  
But they were none.<sup>4</sup>

In the Dutch play the scene is also laid, not at Stony Stratford, but in London,—a significant point of agreement. The nobles who greet the king are Gloucester and Buckingham, as in Shakespeare; but instead of the Lord Cardinal, the Archbishop of York. This last substitution suggests that the ulti-

<sup>3</sup> Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, V, pp. 77ff.

<sup>4</sup> III, i, ll. 5-22.

mate source of *De Roode en Witte Roos* at this point was not Hall as in *Richard the Third* but Holinshed.

The dialogue of this scene in the Dutch play is as follows:

GLOCESTER: Believe me, nephew, your gracious Majesty in truth hath no cause at all for fear. Am I not of thy blood, thy nearest kin? Was not the care of thine estate entrusted to me? Did not thy father command me to guard thy precious head? Ah, believe thine uncle and let no suspicions be harbored in thy heart. 'Tis all to thine advantage, for thy good, whatever may happen anywhere, however thy Majesty may choose to interpret it. 'Tis true, and ought to give thee the greatest joy that hands have been laid upon thy brother.

GREY: But what, I pray thee, is the cause of such an act?

GLOCESTER: Was it not sanctioned by all the other noblemen as a fitting penalty for the crimes of such filthy villains?

KING: That's not proved.

GLOCESTER: Ha! They have feigned very well. Their supreme cunning is that their deeds are easily concealed from thy royal throne. But there is proof enough. 'Tis known that they did steal away from the tower its treasure and its arms. Why did they this but to beleaguer thy youthful Majesty? They know that thou art yet in years tender and inexperienced; and that breeds plots against thy life. Such traitors fail to remember that thine uncle's heart would rather burst within its breast than be reproached by anyone with lack of faith.

This dramatic version follows the account in the Chronicles rather faithfully. Yet it differs from the traditional story (1) in that the scene is laid in London, (2) in that the hypocrisy of Richard is made a little more suave and intriguing, and (3) in that the young king is made more determined in his assertion of the innocence of Rivers and Grey. Shakespeare's scene differs from the Chronicle sources in these same respects. The manner in which the prince develops from a mere counter in expository dialogue into a figure upon whom the dramatic appeal is designedly centered is illuminative of the true relations between the various accounts.

In Hall the king defends his relatives in the following careless fashion:

In good faythe I dare well answer for mine uncle Rivers and my brother here that they be innocente of suche matters.

In *The True Tragedie* his reply is of the same mild, impersonal sort :

I knowe my uncle will conceale no treason or dangerous secreisie from us.

In the Dutch play he vindicates his relatives with much more assurance and determination. In reply to Richard's assertion that the two have received condign punishment for their villainy, he replies sharply, "That's not proved."

In Shakespeare's play this courageous attitude of loyalty is made the point of the interview between the King and his uncle :

*Richard.* Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,  
 But looked not on the poyson of their hearts;  
 God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.  
*Prince.* God keepe me from false Friends,  
 But they were none.

All the conversation in this scene is designed to lead up to this speech. More than any other remark the prince makes, this one establishes the wistful charm of his character and the utter pathos of his fate. As soon as he has made this brave speech, Shakespeare purposely diverts our attention to an entirely different situation.

Assuming for the moment that the Dutch scene represents a dramatic version earlier than that of Shakespeare, one could hardly find a better illustration of the gradual emergence of dramatic point and instantaneous revelation of character out of artless narrative, than in the successive stages of the development of this one speech of the young king.

Perhaps the most interesting point of comparison between the two plays is found in the appearance of the ghosts. The *Chronicles* contain but the barest suggestion for such a highly complicated scene as that in Shakespeare. Hall has merely the following :

The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dreame, for it seemed to him beynge a slepe that he saw diverse ymages lyke terrible devilles whiche pulled and haled hym,

not sufferynge hym to take any quyet or rest. The whiche straunge vision not so sodeinly strake his heart with a sodeyne feare, but it stuffed his hed and troubled his mynde with many dreadful and busy Imaginacions. For incontynent after, his heart beynge almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chaunce of the bataille to come, usynge the alacrite and myrthe of mynde and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the bataille. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for feare of his enemyes, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recyted and declared to his famylyer frendes in the morenyng hys wonderfull visyon and terribel dream. But I think this was no dreame, but a punccion and pricke of his synfull conscience.<sup>5</sup>

The author of *The True Tragedie*, the first extant play to embody this particular material, indicated the dramatic possibilities of the "diverse ymages lyke terrible devilles which pulled and haled him" without actually dramatizing them. The following monologue of the King recounts his dreadful colloquy with the "ymages."

ENTERS THE KING AND LORD LOVELL.

*King.* The hell of life that hangs upon the Crowne,  
 The daily cares, the nightly dreames,  
 The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,  
 The horror of my bloodie practise past,  
 Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience  
 That sleep I, wake I, whatsoever I do,  
 Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for revenge,  
 Whome I have slain in reaching for a Croune.  
 Clarence complaines, and crieth for revenge,  
 My Nephues bloods, Revenge, revenge doth crie.  
 The headless Peeres come preasing for revenge.  
 And everyone cries, let the tyrant die.  
 The Sunne by day shines hotely for revenge.  
 The Moone of night eclipseth for revenge.  
 The Stars are turned to Comets for revenge.  
 The Planets change their courses for revenge.  
 The birds sing not, but sorrow for revenge.  
 The silly Lambes sit bleating for revenge.  
 The screeking Raven sits croaking for revenge.

<sup>5</sup> Hall's Chronicle, p. 414.

Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge.  
 And all, yea all the world I think  
 Cries for revenge, and nothing but revenge.  
 But to conclude, I have deserved revenge.<sup>6</sup>

The author spends most of his creative energy in this scene in the rhetorical massing of the all important Senecan word. Yet, in passing, as it were, he has transformed the vague "diverse ymages" into the ghosts of those

Whome I have slaine in reaching for a Crowne.

Part of Shakespeare's ghost scene is merely a dramatization of this suggestion. The ghosts of Prince Edward, Henry the Sixth, Clarence, Rivers, Grey, Vaughan, Lord Hastings, the two young princes, his wife Anne, and Buckingham, each arises in turn to take his ominous revenge. Each one rehearses briefly the circumstances of his death and then ends with a cry which becomes a sort of refrain, "Despaire and dye." When the last one has vanished, Richard starts from his dream and utters his famous speech:

Giue me another Horse, bind up my Wounds:  
 Haue mercy Jesu. Soft, I did but dreame.  
 O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?  
 The Lights burn blew. It is not dead midnight.  
 Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
 What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,  
 Richard loues Richard, that is I am I,  
 Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:  
 Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?  
 Lest I reuenge. What? my Selfe upon my Selfe?  
 Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good  
 That I my Selfe, haue done unto my Selfe?  
 O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,  
 For hatefull deeds committed by my Selfe.  
 I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.  
 Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.  
 My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues,  
 And euery Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale,  
 And euery Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;  
 Periurie, in the high'st degree,

<sup>6</sup> Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, V, 117.

Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'st degree,  
 All seuerall sinnes, all us'd in each degree,  
 Thronge all to' th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.  
 I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;  
 And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.  
 Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,  
 Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.  
 Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd  
 Came to my tent, and euery one did threat  
 To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.<sup>7</sup>

This speech has been usually considered a mixture of tragical effectiveness and mere verbal quibble. The following sentence from Skottowe's *Life of Shakespeare* expresses the traditional critical opinion of the passage. "The first six lines of this soliloquy", he writes, "are deeply expressive of the terrors of a guilty conscience; but the conceits and quibbles which disfigure the remainder completely destroy the moral impresion."<sup>8</sup>

I believe that a possible explanation of this psychologizing may be found in the ghost scene as it appears in *De Roode en Witte Roos*. (V, ii, ll. 1-27.)

#### RICHARD. GHOST.

RICHARD: What art thou? Gracious Heaven! What terror shakes my limbs! Vain fear. I will approach it somewhat nearer. Who art thou? Speak, I say. May the thunder smite thee! What is thy name?

GHOST: My name is Richard.

RICHARD: Richard?

GHOST: Yes.

RICHARD: I am startled and quake with fear. What seek'st thou here?

GHOST: Myself.

RICHARD: O God! What horror comes to pierce my heart. My mind is completely amazed, and finds no peace. There it departs and flees much lighter than the wind. What ghost or frenzy has come hither to assail me?

GHOST FROM WITHIN: Hold, Richard!

<sup>7</sup> V, iii, 209-238.

<sup>8</sup> II, 202.

RICHARD: Who is there?

GHOST FROM WITHIN: Your death is at hand.

RICHARD: Ah me!

If Shakespeare had known such a scene as this in which the ghost of Richard's own self<sup>9</sup> had appeared to him, it is not improbable that he would have transformed it into an introspective soliloquy such as his character utters. His villain hero was too brave and too masterful to be reduced to a state of nervous terror by his own image. The prophecy of death appropriate enough in the mouth of the ghost himself, reiterated again and again as in Shakespeare, becomes a vast

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<sup>9</sup> This doppelgänger may be the invention of van den Bos. At any rate this ghost is like none that I know in Elizabethan tragedies of revenge. In Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* the ghost which Brutus sees may be regarded as this sort of "doppelgänger." "So, being ready to go into Europe, one night very late, as he was in his tent with a little light thinking of weighty matters; he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him "I am thy evil spirit Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi." Brutus being not otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: "Well then I shall see thee again." The spirit presently vanished away, and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all." (Quoted F. W. Moorman, *Shakespeare's Ghosts*, in *Modern Language Review*, I, 3. p. 194-195.) In both *Caesar's Revenge* and Shakespeare's *J. C.* (IV. III, l. 272) this wonderful strange and monstrous shape is clearly Caesar's ghost.

Nothing in the mere dialogue of *Julius Caesar*, however, indicates that the ghost is more than he himself professes to be,—Brutus's evil spirit. The similarity of Richard's situation to that of Brutus in this extract from Plutarch might easily have struck the dramatist at work on a play about Richard III. This would have been particularly evident if the author of some of the lost plays on Julius Caesar had made the ghost no more than he was in Plutarch,—Brutus's own evil spirit. Brutus is in his tent "one night very late"; Richard says: "The lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight."

The ghost says to Brutus, "I am thy evil spirit." Richard in D learns that the ghost is himself. The men whom Brutus calls in "heard no noise, nor saw anything at all"; the page whom Richard's terror summons finds nothing but "empty mist which confuses the eye of your understanding."

This is highly conjectural, of course, but it is an indication of the manner in which the ghost of Brutus in Plutarch may have served as an analogy for this strange *alter ego* in an early English drama. The terrifying noises that the Dutch Richard hears are but echoes of the horrible sounds of Hades which ring in the ears and overflow in the speech of every Senecan ghost.



pervasive supernatural curse beneath which even a strong man might quail. Moreover, the actual appearance of Richard's ghost might have seemed over ingenious. As an excited recognition of the duality of his personality, the idea was more impressive. Yet certain parts of Shakespeare's scene,—notably such lines as,

Is there a murderer here? No, Yes, I am.  
Then flye: What from my Selfe? Great reason, why?  
Lest I revenge, What? My Selfe upon Myself.

taken by themselves are almost inexplicable. Only when we read them in relation to some such postulated source as that represented in the Dutch play do they become intelligible.

The wooing of Anne in S, for which there is not the slightest Chronicle foundation, resembles in some interesting particulars the scene in D in which Richard woos his niece. The likenesses between this scene and the corresponding one in *Richardus Tertius* have already been pointed out.<sup>10</sup> The similarity between the scene in Legge's play and *Richard III* has been noted,<sup>11</sup> yet it has seemed to all critics almost impossible to believe that Shakespeare should have been acquainted with this cloistered play.

The resemblances between S and D in these scenes are fully as close as those between S and R. T. The superb daring of the hero in each case is of the same sort. He attempts to win the hand of the woman whose nearest and dearest he has murdered. In D, Elizabeth repulses him successfully; in S, Anne at first repulses Richard as vigorously as does Elizabeth, but finally yields to his flattering appeals for her hand. It is the first part of the two encounters where we should expect to find similar dramatic structure.

1. In D, Richard begins his flattery by calling Elizabeth "Lovely creature. Most beautiful child in which earth takes pride." Richard in S, calls her "Sweet Saint" (l. 54) and "divine perfection of a woman" making the same appeal to her vanity.

<sup>10</sup> Vide supra, pp. 30ff.

<sup>11</sup> Churchill, p. 394.

2. In D the princess recoils in horror at his proposal and starts to leave. Then Richard asks "Why this pretence?" "No pretence at all", answers Elizabeth, "but real terror for your vile deed." So in S, Anne is on the point of leaving with "Therefore be gone" (l. 53).

RICHARD: Sweet Saint, for charity be not so curst.

ANNE: Foule Divell—.....

Thy deeds inhumane and unnaturall  
Provokes this deluge most unnaturall.

3. In D Elizabeth calls Richard a murderer in so many words, "who has drunk his father's blood and ours too."

In S we find the following dialogue:

ANNE: That did'st unworthy slaughter upon others.

RICHARD: Say that I slew them not.

ANNE: Then say they were not slaine

But dead they are, and divilish slave by thee.

4. Elizabeth says, "My eyes cannot endure the sight of you. If it might be, I should prefer to be blind to seeing you any longer."

Anne says, "Out of my sight thou dost infect my eyes."

5. Finally Elizabeth longs for a sword that she may pierce her uncle's vitals. In S, Richard offers his sword to Anne in mock despair:

Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword  
Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,  
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly begge the death upon my knee  
(He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.)

The resemblances in the resistance of the two women to the wooing of Richard, presented in speeches of the same sort of Senecan extravagance in both emotion and speech, are striking. Up to the moment at which Richard begins to sway Anne, the two scenes, both without any warrant in the chron-

icles, are alike even to a number of details.<sup>12</sup> The constructive differences can all be attributed to the change in the character of the scene which Shakespeare decided to make from that in his source. To change the rebuff in D to a triumphant manifestation of Richard's almost superhuman influence upon mortals would then be one of the operations of Shakespeare's genius which transformed the bloody tyrant of the early story into a character of immense and malign force. This sheer power in his Richard III makes him the supreme villain-hero.

One minor likeness in the disposition of characters in S and D may be noted here. In D, Hastings is present when the Archbishop of York pleads with the queen to release the Duke of York from sanctuary. Indeed he plays an important part in this scene.

The Chronicles have merely the following:

The Cardinal leaving—departed into the sanctuary to the queene, accompanied with certain lordes.<sup>13</sup>

In S, too, the certaine lordes have become Hastings alone. No scene of the sort occurs, but the Cardinal, as he leaves to visit the queen says:

CARD: My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once  
Come on Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?<sup>14</sup>

These resemblances which D shows in turn to the Chronicles and then to each of the three English plays in points peculiar to them, shows, first, that the *Roode en Witte Roos* belongs to the English *dramatic*, as distinguished from the *historical*, tradition of *Richard III*.

<sup>12</sup> Lochrine's successful wooing of Estrild (*Lochrine* IV, 1) on the field of battle after Humber, her husband, has been killed by one of Lochrine's lieutenants, and Suffolk's wooing of Margaret, (*I Henry VI*, V, III) also on the battlefield, show the popularity of this specific situation among English dramatists at about the time that the English source of D must have been written.

<sup>13</sup> Hall, p. 355.

<sup>14</sup> S. III, I, ll. 69-70.

## VI

The facts invite further explanation. All the similarities which have been indicated can be explained by assuming that van den Bos had before him, when he wrote, one of the English Chronicles and *all three* of the English plays under discussion. Such an hypothesis is inherently improbable and becomes practically impossible when we remember the nature of *Richardus Tertius*, which has perhaps the most points in common with D. It was an academic play, never printed, as far as is known, until the nineteenth century. It was so cloistered that no critic has thought it possible to assume that even Shakespeare knew it. That it should have travelled to Amsterdam is highly improbable; that it should have travelled in company with a Chronicle and two other plays on the same subject is, humanly speaking, sheer impossibility.

The other possible hypothesis is that van den Bos received, through the same channel by which he received *Lingua*, an English play which he translated freely into Dutch. Such is the method by which his other translations were produced. The pathetic figure of the roses in his dedication of the play is most easily explained if it be regarded as the description of the vicissitudes of an old play.

The position of such a lost tragedy in the English dramatic saga must remain conjectural. The following guess seems to satisfy all the conditions. Sometime after the composition of *Richardus Tertius* one of the university dramatists<sup>15</sup> who was familiar with the Latin play wrote a Chronicle History on the subject of Richard III, in a popular form designed for the popular stage. Being strongly under the Senecan influence

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<sup>15</sup> Marlowe was at Cambridge in 1582, when we know from the Bodleian MS of R. T. that it was produced at St. Johns. Greene took his B.A. at this same college in 1578 and his M.A. in 1583. He, too, was thus probably present when the play was given. Peele was a student at Oxford for nine years before 1581 and helped Dr. Gager produce two of his Latin plays there in June, 1583. (Churchill, 271.)

of R. T., he introduced many of the successful effects of that play into his dramatic version. Writing also sometime after the authors of Chronicle plays had learned from Marlowe how to group the scattered historical material around one dominating character, he wrote a much more condensed and unified tragedy than Legge had produced. The few resemblances between D and the *True Tragedy* make it impossible to tell whether the one striking resemblance between the two is due to the author of the lost English play's copying an effective scene in a play that in general seemed crude, or whether the imitation proceeded in the other direction. The first hypothesis seems the more likely. This lost play, thus composed, Shakespeare must then have known and used, now and then, to point material which he derived largely from Holinshed. This fact would help to explain the strong Senecan flavor of *Richard III*, which has led numerous critics to believe that it must be the direct descendant of an earlier play.

The lost tragedy in question is clearly not the projected one of which we have extracts of five scenes among the papers of Edward Alleyn.<sup>16</sup> There is not the slightest trace in D of the dramatic memoranda sketched there. Fleay, in one of his bold guesses, says of a possible dramatic source for *Richard III*:

There can be little doubt that in this (*Richard III*), as in *John*, Shakespeare derived his plot and part of his text from an anterior play, the difference in the two cases being that in *Richard III* he adopted much more of his predecessor's text. I believe that the anterior play was Marlowe's, partly written for Lord Strange's Company in 1593, but left unfinished at Marlowe's death, and completed and altered by Shakespeare in 1594.<sup>17</sup>

None of these conjectures finds corroboration in the *Roode en Witte Roos* except that the play clearly shows a formative

<sup>16</sup> Collier, *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, p. 120-121.

<sup>17</sup> *Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare*, London, 1806, p. 533.

influence upon the early Senecan treatment of the Chronicle material like that which Marlowe indubitably exercised.<sup>18</sup>

Questions of authorship of the lost English play must for the moment remain unsettled. At present we are able to say that all the indications are that D had for its source an English tragedy now lost; that this drama attaches itself to the English dramatic tradition of Chronicle plays as it existed about the year 1590; that Shakespeare apparently knew the play. He seems to have used it, however, not as the main source of his work, but as a repository of suggestions for the effective composition of material mainly derived directly from Holinshed.

This rounded theory is inevitably involved with much hazardous conjecture. The nature of the Dutch document here presented does show with reasonable certainty one important fact,—that the *histrionic* story of the swift rise and fall of the sinister King Richard III has stimulated the composition of at least one more English Chronicle History play than has heretofore been supposed.

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<sup>18</sup> Verbal parallels between D and English Chronicle plays would doubtless have been almost completely obscured by the nature of van den Bos's translation. One interesting example has met my attention.

D I, l. 228. The queen says on giving up her son:

"My hand is willing to give him up, but my heart cannot."

cf. I, *Henry VI*, V, III, 360-1. *Suff.*:

"O stay: I have no power to let her pass.

My hand would free her, but my heart says—no."

Further search for verbal parallels may throw light upon the authorship of the lost English play.

L. VAN DEN BOSCH,

ROODE en WITTE

R O O S.

OF

LANKASTER en JORK.

BLYEINDENT TREVRSPEL.

*Qui terret plus ipse timet, fors ista Tyrannis  
Convenit.* CLAUDIAN.

TAMSTERDAM, Gedrukt by TYMON HOVTHAAK.

Voor *Dirk Cornelisz'. Houthaak*, Boekverkooper op de hoek  
van de Nieuwezijds Kolk. MDC. LI.





## SPREEKERS.

RICHARD, Hartog van Gloester, naderhand Konink.  
 EDWARD DE VIJFDE, Jonge Konink van Engeland.  
 HARTOG VAN BUKKINGHAM.  
 AERTSBISSCHOF VAN JORK, Kancelier.  
 ELIZABETH, Oude Koningen van Engeland.  
 HEER HASTINGS.  
 HEER STANLEY.  
 ELIZABETH, Princes van Engeland, dochter van Eduard de  
 IV.  
 HENDRIK, Graaf van Richmond.  
 MAJOR VAN LONDON.  
 1, 2, 3, RAADSHEEREN.  
 HOPMAN.  
 KAMERLING van RICHARD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King.  
 EDWARD THE FIFTH, Young King of England.  
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
 ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, Chancellor.  
 ELIZABETH, Former Queen of England.  
 LORD HASTINGS.  
 LORD STANLEY.  
 ELIZABETH, Princess of England, Daughter of Edward the IV.  
 HENRY, Duke of Richmond.  
 MAYOR OF LONDON.  
 1, 2, 3 Councillors.  
 CAPTAIN.  
 CHAMBERLAIN OF RICHARD.

EDELMAN van den GRAAF van RICHMOND.  
 1, 2, BOODEN.  
 KAMENIER van de KONINGEN.  
 SIR TYREL.  
 ROBERT, Dienaar van Stanley.  
 DIENAAR.  
 DIGTON.  
 SPOOK.

NOBLEMAN OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND  
 1, 2 MESSENGERS.  
 A LADY IN WAITING OF THE QUEEN.  
 SIR TYREL.  
 ROBERT, Servant of Stanley.  
 SERVANT.  
 DIGHTON.  
 GHOST.

#### ZWYGENDE

JONGEN HARTOG van JORK.  
 TWEE DOCHTERS van KONINK EDWARD.  
 EENIGE EDELEN EN SOLDATEN.

#### SUPERNUMERARIES

YOUNG DUKE OF YORK.  
 TWO DAUGHTERS OF KING EDWARD.  
 NOBLEMEN and SOLDIERS.

## HET EERSTE BEDRYF

### SCENE I

HARTOG VAN GLOUCESTER. DEN JONGEN KONING. BUKKINGHAM. BISSCHOP VAN IORK.

GLOUCESTER: Geloof my Neef, en dus u waarde Majesteit  
En heeft in waarheit gantsch geen reden dat  
gy schreit;

Ben ik u bloet niet, en van uwe naaste magen?  
Is my de zorge van u staat niet opgedragen  
Heeft my u Vader niet dit kostelijke hoofd  
Op't hoogst bevolen? ach mijn jonge Heer!  
geloof,

Geloof u Oom, en laat geen achterdenken  
vesten

Haar wortel in u hart: 't is al tot uwen besten,  
Tot uwen voordeel, wat of hier of daar gebeurt,

[10] Waar voor u Majesteit ook alles acht en keurt.

### THE FIRST ACT.<sup>6</sup>

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE YOUNG KING, BUCKINGHAM, BISHOP OF YORK.

GLOUCESTER: Believe me cousin, your noble Majesty has truly no cause for fear at all. Am I not of your blood, of your nearest kin? Have I not been charged with the care of your estate? Did not your father commend especially to me your precious head? Oh my dear young Lord, trust, trust your uncle and let no suspicions take root in your heart: Whatever happens anywhere is all for your good, to your advantage, [10] whatever your Majesty's opinion may be.

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<sup>6</sup> I have had the invaluable aid of my colleague Professor Arnold Dresden in solving the meaning of many puzzling passages in the text. I have tried to make my translation as literal as is consistent with the English idiom.

't It waar (en laat u dit ten hoogsten vry behagen)  
 Men heeft de handen aan u broeder Grai geslagen,  
 En hoe is zulken zaak, dat bid ik u, geschiet?  
 Was zulks met toestant van de rest der Grooten niet?  
 En om de misdaet van zo vuile sehelmeryen.

KON: Dat's niet bewezen.

HART: Ja, dat zijn hun veinzeryen!  
 Hun meeste loosheit is dat hunnen handel licht  
 Niet kom ten voorschijn aan u Koninklijk gezicht:  
 Daar's echter blijk genoeg, als alle oogen zagen  
 [20] De schatten uit den Tour, en wapens weghgedragen.  
 En waarom (al en wort dat niet zo klaar gezeyt)  
 Als tot belaging van u jonge Majesteit.  
 Zy weten dat gy zijt noeh teer en onbedreven,  
 En dat maakt sehelmen toe te leggen op u leven;  
 Maar weinig denkt dien drog, en wie u meer belaagt,  
 Dat uwen Oom een hart in zijnen boezem draagt,  
 't Geen eerder breken, en door kragt van een zal  
 splyten,  
 Eer dat hem iemant schult van ontrouw zal verwyten.  
 Gy slaecht een zieke die door koorts aan 't razen slaat,

It is true and it should please you in the highest degree that your brother Grey has been arrested. And how, I ask you, did such a thing occur? Was it not sanctioned by all the rest of the Noblemen on account of the wrong of such filthy villainies?

KING: That's not proved.

DUKE: Yes, so they pretend! Their greatest cunning is that their machinations are not evident to your royal eyes. There was real proof enough, when all eyes beheld [20] the treasure taken from the tower and the weapons carried off. And for what purpose (even though they do not say so openly) but for the beleaguering of your young Majesty? They know that you are still callow and inexperienced, and that causes the villains to scheme against your life. But little do these deceivers and whoever else threatens you, realize that your uncle's heart beats true within his breast, that it would sooner break and split by main force than have anyone reproach it with faithlessness. You are like a sick

[30] Die de genezing van zijn heete qualen haat,  
 En poogt de dekens zelfs te plukken en te trekken,  
 Die hem de klamme leên behoeden en bedekken.

KON: Mijn oude dienaars.....

HART: Ja, dat's waar, men heeft u die  
 Ontnomen; maar gelooft niet zonder reên, als wie  
 In zulken handel, als zich doenmaals toe gink dragen,  
 Met duizent oogen wel vereischten gaê geslagen  
 In hem die't uitvoert is de grond niet van het quaat;  
 Maar eer in hem die staag omtrent den Koning staat  
 En zijn geheimen weet met loosheid uit te vissen,

[40] Op dat den aanslag heb te minder noot van missen.  
 U Majesteit, doch 't is de schult van vleesch en bloet,  
 Vertrouwt de heerschzucht van dat volk te veele goet;  
 Maar leert my den Marquis, noeh Grai, noeh Rivers  
 kennen,

Ik weet maar al te wel wat gasten dat zy bennen.  
 My staat te quijten en betrachten mijnen eed,  
 Als die vertrouwt ben, en het toevertrouwde weet  
 Voor quaat te hoeden, wie het immer mach mishagen,  
 Zo lang my niemant, dat'k my qualijk heb gedragen,  
 Te last en leid, ik sta voor d'hooge Ov'righeid

man who in a fever begins to rave and [30] who hates the remedy for his hot pain and tries to pluck and pull the very bedclothes which cover and protect his clammy limbs.

KING: My old servants—

DUKE: Yes, that is true; you have been deprived of them; but do not believe without cause. For in such affairs as were toward at that time men were required who observed with a thousand eyes. The foundation for the crime is not laid by him who brings it to pass, but rather by the man who is constantly about the King and knows cunningly how to find out his secrets, [40] so that the attempt at evil has less danger of failing. Oh, your Majesty, though the fault is one common to all flesh and blood, you trust too much the eagerness of these people for power. But do not try to teach me what manner of man the Marquis or Gray or Rivers is. I know all too well what sort of men they are. It is my duty to acquit myself well and to observe my oath as one who has been trusted and knows how to protect his ward from evil, no matter whom it may displease. As long as no one can charge me with unworthy

[50] Des Hemels, en ten dienst van uwe Majesteit,  
 Vergunt den Heer u slechts een langer tijd van leven,  
 Een beter tuighenis zult gy van my noch geven.  
 Gy hebt geen reden dat gy zo u hart bedroeft,  
 Gy vreest het gene gy geenzins te vrezen hoeft,  
 Zo lang ook als ik leef, zal (by manier van spreken)  
 Geen vinger iemant u aan uwe Kroone steken.  
 Bezieet wat reën gy hebt, dat gy u harte meugt,  
 Vermits u groot geluk, wel koesteren in vreugt;  
 Gy zijt zo jong, en stapt alreeds op Konings Troonen,

[60] Men wacht alleenig maar de tijd om u te kroonen.

KONG: Dat is de minste zorg die mijn van binnen drukt.

HART: Ik kan niet lyden dat u zinnen dus verrukt  
 En droevig zijn.

KONG: Dat zal zo wezen, al zo lange  
 Mijn moeder, broeders, en mijn zusters zijn ge-  
 vangen.

HART: Gevangen! en wat is dat, bid ik, toch gezeit?  
 Heet gy gevangen, die tot hunne zekerheid,  
 En angstig voor 'k en weet wat hinder aan hun leven,  
 In heil' ge hoede en bescherming zich begeven?  
 Wie doet hen leet, van wie verwachtenze ongena?

action, I stand before the high Magistrate [50] of Heaven in readiness to serve your Majesty. If the Lord will but grant you a long life, you shall yet have a better opinion of me. There is no reason that you should grieve so sorely. You fear something of which there is no danger. As long as I live, no one, (so to speak) shall lay a finger on your crown. See what reasons for your heart's delight you have because of your great fortune in being so well and joyfully cherished. You are so young and already ascend the king's throne. [60] We are waiting only for a fitting time for your coronation.

KING: That is the least of the griefs which oppress my soul.

DUKE: I cannot bear to see you thus disturbed and melancholy.

KING: I shall be thus as long as my mother, brothers, and sisters remain imprisoned.

DUKE: Imprisoned, pray tell me what do you mean? Do you call those imprisoned who for their own safety and anxious because of some trouble or other in their lives give themselves up to the protection and guardianship of the Church? Who causes them to suffer? From whom do they expect disfavor?

[70] KONG: Gy doet hen vreezen.

HART: Ik, doe ik hen vreezen?

KON: Ja.

HART: Dat is wat wonders! en waarom? laat my eens hooren,  
Ik zie hier uit dat u de schrik is anengeboren,  
U is dit vreezen van u ouders aangeërst,  
En zult dat, ducht ik, niet verwerpen voor gy sterft.

KONG: Dat mogt wel wezen.

HART: Om dees quelling te ontvlieden,  
Vint gy het goet, men zal u broeder hier ontbieden,  
Om door zijn byzijn aan u Majesteit vermaak  
Te geven.

KONG: Doet gelijk gy wilt in deze zaak.

HART: Wat dunkt de Heeren?

BUK: Zulx en kan niet qualijk slagen.

[80] HART: Voor my, ik stemmet toe, doch elk zijn welbe-  
hagen.

Wie neemt de last om na de Koningin te gaan?  
Heer Kancelier, neemt gy voor u de moeiten aan,  
Doet onze Konings lust zo veele ten gevalle,  
Gy stond ooit wel met haar.

[70] KING: You cause them to fear.

DUKE: I cause them to fear?

KING: Yes.

DUKE: That is wondrous strange! And why? Pray let me hear.  
I see from this that terror with you is innate. Your fear has been  
inherited from your parents and that, methinks, you will not cast off  
before your death.

KING: That may well be.

DUKE: In order to banish this vexation, if you approve, your  
brother shall be summoned here to cheer your Majesty by his  
presence.

KING: Do as you wish in this matter.

DUKE: What do the Lords think?

BUCK: That such a project cannot very well succeed.

[80] DUKE: For my part, I agree, but let everyone have his own  
opinion. Who will undertake the mission of visiting the Queen?  
Lord Chancellor, do you assume the difficult office; do our King's  
pleasure to that extent. You were ever in her favor.





Zy heeft geen oorzaak van het minste quaat ver-  
trouwen.

Heer Kancelier, ik zie in mijn gedachten niet,  
Wat oorzaak dat gy tot alzulks te vreezen ziet,  
Mistroutze my, haar Zoon, de Oom van hare kind'ren?  
Wie zal in's Broders Rijk een Konings Broeder hind'  
ren?

En of ik toestont dat hier wettige oorzaak licht  
[110] Van vreezen, vrees ontslaat geen dienaar van zijn  
plicht;

Voor my, geen Heiligdom en zou mijn wil verhind'  
ren,

Van mannen hoord ik wel, maar van geen jonge kind'  
ren,

Die zulk een Heiligdom, gelijk in's Moeders schoot,  
Om schult en misdaat kost bevryden voor de doot.

'k Zeg noch, den Bisschop heeft geen oorzaak van ver-  
schoonen;

Maar wel om plichtige gehoorzaamheid te toonen.

BISS: Wat my belangt, men spreek mijn hart van onwil vry;  
Ik ga, en volg, mijn last, den Hemel blijf u by.

HART: En die wil u met al zijn Engelen geleyden:

[120] Die wil de nevelen van uwe ooggen scheyden,  
Verheven Vorst, en doen aan uwe Majesteit

concern, I take it upon myself and my conscience is untroubled when I say that she has not the slightest reason to be suspicious. My Lord Chancellor, I cannot conceive what cause there is for this fear of yours. Is she suspicious of entrusting her son to me, the uncle of her children? Who shall harm a brother of the king in his brother's kingdom? And if I admit that perhaps there is legitimate cause [110] for fear, fear excuses no subject from the performance of his duty. As for me, no sanctuary shall thwart my will. Of men I have heard, but not of young children whom such a sanctuary, like a mother's bosom, could protect from death for guilt or misdeed. I say, that the Bishop has no reason for excusing himself but rather, for showing dutiful obedience.

BISH: As for my part in the affair, my heart is absolved from evil; I go; I assume my burden. God be with you.

DUKE: And may He and all His angels conduct you, [120] and clear away the mists from your eyes, Sublime Prince, and give Your

Oprechte blijk, wat hart in deze boezem leit.  
 'k Zeg noch, en neem u al gy Heeren tot getuigen,  
 En hem, voor wie dat wy en alle harten buigen,  
 Dat nooit gedachten hier zijn wortel heeft gevest,  
 't Geen niet en strekte, ô mijn Neef, tot uwen best;  
 Stelt u daarom gerust, mijn Heer, laat u genoeg,  
 De tijd, verhoop ik, zal het al ten besten voegen:  
 Hy heeft nooit rust, die voor en na zijn onheil schreit.  
 [130] Den Vorst vertrekt, maakt plaats daar voor zijn Ma-  
 jesteit.

KONINGIN. HASTINGS. BISSCHOP VAN IORK.

KON: En wel, wat kreeg van u den Bode voor bescheit?  
 HAST: Hoe 't is of niet, zeid ik, en hoe men't overleit,  
 En wat den Kamerling my tracht om wijs te maken,  
 Van dezen toestant, en verandering van zaken,  
 't En zal, hoe dat men't stelt, niet zijn als 't eertijts  
 was,  
 Men wend' het zo men wil, het spit dat moet in d'as,  
 Verandering, hoe het ook schijnt tot onzen besten,  
 Is zelden goet, en dus verzond ik hem ten lesten.  
 En nu Mevrouw, ei! gunt u zelf wat meerder lust.  
 [10] KON: O Koning Eduart! u ziel die is in rust,  
 Mijn waarde Man, eilaas! wat baart u doot ver-  
 and'ren,

Majesty sincere proof of the nature of the heart that lies in this breast. I assert it, and call all you lords to witness, and Him before whom we all bow our hearts, that no thought has ever taken firm root here which did not, oh my nephew, serve your best interests. Set your mind at rest on that subject, My Lord, and be content. Time, I hope, will arrange everything for the best. He is never at peace, who before and after the event bewails his misfortunes. [130] The Prince departs, make way there for his Majesty.

Ach! dat wy ons gebeent verzaamden met mal-  
kand'ren,

Wat ongeval had ik dan t'effens afgeleit.

Wat ongeval en leet voor my noch toebereit!

Och! zo de zaligen, gescheiden uit het leven

Van's werelds ydelheid, gedachtenis gebleven

En nagelaten is, zo slaat u oogen neêr,

En ziet u Broeder, al u hoop en troost wel eer,

Nu uwe weduw en u kinderen verdrukken,

[20] En (kunt gy) gaat te moet zo menige ongelukken.

Hoe komt my staag te voor, in't midden van mijn leet,

U laatste redenen en woorden die gy deed',

U aanspraak, zo aan my als aan u Staatgenooten,

Waar in gy op het hoogst de rust en vreê de Grooten

#### Scene II.

QUEEN, HASTINGS, BISHOP OF YORK.

QUEEN: Well, what kind of an answer did you give the messenger?

HAST: "Whatever the state of affairs may be," I said, "and in whatever way it has been considered, and whatever the Chamberlain strove to make me believe about the condition and change of events, however men arrange things, they shall not be as they were aforetime. But turn it as men will, the spit will into the ashes. Change, however it appears to be for our best interests, is seldom good." And I finally sent him away. And now, my lady, do allow yourself somewhat greater pleasure.

[10] QUEEN: O King Edward, O soul of thine in peace, my true husband, alas! What changes has your death caused! Oh that our bones had been gathered together! What misfortunes had I then at once escaped! What misfortune and grief that is still brewing for me! Oh if to the blessed departed from this life, from the world's vanity, memory has survived, yet cast down your eyes and behold your brother, of old all your life and comfort, now oppressing your widow and your children. [20] And, if you can, ward off these many misfortunes. How steadily in the midst of my woe, do your last spoken words of wisdom come to my mind,—your speeches both to me and to your fellow-citizens, wherein you sought, in the highest degree, to inspire the Lords with peace and quiet, for the welfare of the State and the prosperity of your all too unlucky

Zocht in te planten, tot bevord'ring van de staat,  
 En welstant van u al te ongelukkig zaat;  
 Maar weinig komt men't na. den Hemel zal het  
 wreken.

HAST: Ei! stilt u druk Mevrouw, wat baat nu zulks te spreken?

KON: Ondankbaar volk van u zo trouwe en goeden Heer,  
 [30] Ondankb're Broeder, ja verbastert, dat's noeh meer,  
 Gaat voort als gy begost.

HAST: De tijt zal't al verkeeren.

KON: Dat geen den Hemel.

HAST: Laat geen druk u overheeren,  
 Voor dat gy klaarder ziet u ongeval te moet;  
 Ik hoop, ja ben gewis, dit bitter zal in zoet  
 Veranderen, de tijt van kroonen die zal naken,  
 En dan, 'k verzekert u, verandering van zaken  
 Zal ook u zwarigheid verlichten op het endt:  
 't Volk dat niet eer, zo't schijnt, zijn rechten Koning  
 kent,

Zal dan door trouw en eed, en duizent and're banden  
 [40] Verbonden, vyeriglijk hem vliegen van de handen.

KON: Wie leeft die tijt?

family. But too little do they heed it. Heaven shall take revenge.

HAST: Oh still your grief, my Lady, what boots it now to say such things?

QUEEN: O people, ungrateful to your lord who was so good and true! [30] Oh ungrateful brother, yes, bastard brother, that's still worse, continue as you have begun!

HAST: Time will change it all.

QUEEN: May Heaven grant it.

HAST: Do not let grief overpower you before your misfortunes assume clearer form in your mind. I trust, yes, I am certain, that bitterness will turn to sweet. The time of the coronation will approach, and then, I assure you, change will finally lighten your difficulties, too. The people who, it seems, will not before that time recognize its real King, [40] bound by faith and oath and a dozen other bonds, will then be rendered wholly amenable.

QUEEN: Who will be alive in that time?

- HAST: Al't geen daar toe vereist is wert  
Vast klaar gemaakt.
- KON: Het leid my al te zwaar op't hert,  
Die uur en zal ik, och! dat vrees ik, niet beleven.
- HAST: Ik hoop gy zult Mevrouw.
- KON: Den Hemel wil het geven;  
Maar zo ik mijn gemoed hier in gelooven mach,  
Mijn smart is heden groot, maar wacht noch grooter  
slag.
- HAST: Verkeerde inbeelding zal u onheil niet verhaasten,  
En een bedroeft gemoet duit alle dink ten quaasten.  
Voor my, ik zweert u toe met duizent eên Mevrouw,  
[50] Ik was u man, en blijf u kinders ook getrouw;  
Geen onheil zal my, by zo var ik zo mach spreken,  
Die band van liefden in mijn hart in stukken breker,  
Het ga zo't wil, ik blijf voor u mijn leven lank.
- KON: Getrouwe en waarde Heer, ik weet't u duizent dank,  
Den Opperheer die wil u trouwe liefde loonen.
- HAST: Ten zyze uwen zoon tot onzen Konink kroonen,  
Ik meen die by haar is, ik stel mijn lijf te pand.  
Zal ik zijn broeder, hier by u, met deze hand

HAST: All that is necessary for it has already been prepared.

QUEEN: My heart is all too heavily oppressed, and I fear that I  
alas! shall not live to see that hour.

HAST: I hope that you will, my Lady.

QUEEN: May Heaven grant it! But if I may believe my feelings  
in this matter, my grief is great today, but awaits a still greater  
blow.

HAST: A disordered imagination will not hasten your misfor-  
tune, and a sad heart interprets everything in the worst possible  
way. As for me, I swear to you, my Lady, with a dozen oaths, [50]  
that I was faithful to your husband and shall remain faithful to  
your children too. In as far as I am able to say, no misfortune shall  
shatter the bond of love in my heart. Whatever happens, I shall  
remain true to you all my life long.

QUEEN: True and worthy lord, I thank you a thousand times.  
God in Heaven will reward your faithful love.

HAST: Unless they crown your son as our king, I mean the elder  
one, I pledge my life that with this hand I will crown his brother,

De Kroon opzetten, 't spijt zo wie dat mach benyden  
 [60] Al kost het my mijn hooft, voor u, ik mach't wel  
 lyden;

Maar ziet, den Kancelier.

BISS: Hoe gaat het u Mevrouw?

Heer Hastings, zijt gegroet.

KON: Gedurig in de rouw,

Mijn Heer, mijn treurig hart kan geen vertroosting  
 lyden.

BISS: De tochten van't gemoed verand'ren met de tyden.

KON: Gelijk mijn Heer zeer wel en bondig heeft gezeit,  
 Wel eer was hy in staat die nu ter neder leid;  
 Ik geef mijn zelf de eer, en zo ik denk met reden,  
 Gods roei te hebben met veel andere geleden.

BISS: De tegenspoeden die den mensch op aarden lijd,

[70] Zijn bitter, al zo lang gy in het midden zijt;  
 Maar alsze deur zijn, en berooft van hare krachten,  
 Verwekkenze in ons hart verheugde nagedachten:  
 't Zijn vruchten, die, hoe wars en walg' lijk datze zijn,  
 Het hart verstrekken tot bequame Medecijn;  
 Maar in het aanzien van zo u als onze dingen,  
 Vind ik geen oorzaak van zo veel bekommelingen,  
 Zo innebeelden, 't geen ook hier niet komt te pas,

the one here with you, in spite of those who oppose it. [60] Even though it costs me my life, for your sake, I will endure it. But see, the Chancellor comes.

BISH: How is it with you my lady? Lord Hastings, my greeting.

QUEEN: Steadily mourning, my Lord; my sad heart can brook no comfort.

BISH: The whims of the mind alter with the times.

QUEEN: As my lord has well and tersely said, he who now lies stricken was formerly in high estate. I feel honored, and I think with reason, to have endured with many others the chastisement of God.

BISH: The adversity which man endures on earth [70] is bitter as long as he is face to face with it. But when it is past, and shorn of its power, it awakens in our hearts happy reflections. It bears fruits, which however unpalatable and nauseous, afford the heart effective medicine. But in the aspect of your affairs, as well as of our own, I find no reason for so much grief. Vain imaginations

U smart niet maakt veel meer en zwaarder alsze was;  
 U man, wiens byzijn u, zo 't blijkt, den Hemel weigert,  
 [80] Wort met een zoon geboet, die vast ten Troon opstei-  
 gert,  
 Een wensch die ieder een van's hartzen gronde gaat,  
 Te zien voor zijne dood zijn kinderen tot staat:  
 Den broeder hebt gy met zijn zusters in u handen,  
 Nu heb ik last.

KON: O God! hoe schrikken d'ingewanden!

BISS: Nu heb ik last Mevrouw.

KON: Eilaas! wat zal het zijn?  
 Ik vrees die last die strekt alleen tot last van mijn.  
 Bedroefde vrouw, hoe var vervalt gy noeh in treuren!

BISS: Gy vreest een quaat het geen u nimmer zal gebeuren;  
 Niet verder strekt mijn last, Mevrouw, ei! stilt u wec,  
 [90] Als een gering verzoek, een slechte en kleine beê,  
 Geen onheil schuilt' er in, gy moogt my zulks vertrou-  
 wen,

U zoon verzoekt alleen, om hem te onderhouden,  
 Zijn broeder by hem.

KON: Ach! getuigden't harte niet?  
 Vaar voort bedekte list, ga, laad my al't verdriet

of this sort do not make your woe much greater and heavier than it was. Your husband, whose presence, so it seems, Heaven refuses you, [80] has been compensated for by a son, who will surely ascend the throne. A wish which everyone makes from the bottom of his heart, is that he may see before his death his children established. You have the brother with his sisters in your hands. Now I am charged—.

QUEEN: Oh God! what terror stirs my inmost soul.

BISH: Now I am charged, my Lady . . .

QUEEN: Alas! what can it be? I fear this commission is designed only to trouble me. Grieving woman, how much deeper in woe are you to sink?

BISH: You fear an evil that no one shall inflict upon you. Oh my Lady, still your grief! My commission is nothing more [90] than a mere request, a simple and little favor. No misfortune lurks in it; you may trust me on that point. Your son merely begs to have his brother with him for his entertainment.

QUEEN: Oh, did not my heart inform me? Fare forward,

En quelling op, tot datze eindlijk my verdrukken,  
 't Begin is goet, het eind zal u ook wel gelukken ;  
 Gy eist mijn zoon! niet waar? den Rijksvoogt eyscht  
 mijn kind,

Voor my, 'k en geef hem niet, gaat, zoekt daar gy hem  
 vind;

Maar brand u vingers niet, noch kreukelt u geweten,  
 [100] De plaats, waar in wy zijn, is heilig moet gy weten.  
 O! adderlijk gebroet, wat broet gy niet voor quaat,  
 Hoe ver dat ook de drift van uwe boosheid gaat.  
 O staatzucht! wat vermach u yver doch te stuiten?  
 Wat ommekring dat bits en loopend vuur te sluiten?  
 Gy eyscht mijn zoon! ja, kom en eischt de moeder mee,  
 En hare dochters, rukt haar uit de heil'ge steê,  
 Schent Kerk en Kerkenplicht, drijft spot met alle  
 Rechten,

Kant u met dwinglandy om Godsdienst te bevechten,  
 Vertreet de Wet en al wat tot de Wet behoort,

[110] Haalt vloeken op u hals, ja, vaart 'er vry mee voort,  
 Geen dwang en stut u, 't zal u alles wel gedyen.

HAST: Mevrouw. . . . .

secret cunning; go, load me with grief and torture, until they at last overwhelm me. The beginning is auspicious, and the end will also prove favorable to you. You demand my son, do you not? The regent demands my child. For my part, I will not give him up. Go seek him where you can find him, but take care lest you burn your fingers or besmirch your conscience. [100] The place in which we are, you must know is holy. Oh serpent race, what evils do you not breed! How far the eagerness of your evil extends! Oh political ambition! What then may check your zeal? What circumference can bound your fierce and running fire? You demand my son! Come, I pray you, and demand the mother too, and her daughters; drag her from the sanctuary; scorn the church and her ordinances; make sport of all her laws; join with tyranny in war on religion. Override the law and all that pertains to it, [110] draw curses down upon you. Yes, fare freely forward; no compulsion restrains you; you shall prosper in all that you do.

HAST: My lady—



- KON : Komt gy al meê?
- BISS : Ei! laat haar eerst betyen.
- KON : Spant al te zamen aan, blijf niemant in gebrek,  
Helpt haar met alle macht het jukhout op de nek,  
Verdrukt het Konings bloed tot heul van dwingelanden,  
Slaat aan gezalften en haar kinders uwe handen;  
Gaat voort, verdrukt het zaat van mijnen Eduart,  
Ja, haalt zijn grafsteê, 't heilig marmer, ook omvart,  
Verstoort zijn beenderen, en wilt zijn asch verbranden,  
[120] 't Is al georeloft, en niets verstrekt tot schande.  
Ei my! bedroefde vrou, wat's dat gy niet en lijt,  
Mijn hart wort flau, ei! stut my dochters, waar gy zijt.
- HAST : Ach! zy beswijkt. oeh God! wat raat dient hier genomen?
- BISS : Brengt water, wie gy zijt, op datze mach bekomen:  
Mevrou, ach! vrijft haar doch de slapen van het hoofd.
- HAST : En noch bekomtze niet, maar blijft van kracht berooft.
- BISS : O! vrouwelijke drift.
- HAST : Zegt, grouwelijke plagen.

QUEEN: Are you against me too?

BISH: Let her first control herself.

QUEEN: Conspire together all of you, let no one remain aloof, help with all your power to place her under the yoke. Overpower the King's race in the aid of tyranny, strike at the Lord's annointed and her children. Go on, destroy the seed of my Edward. Yes. seize and overthrow his grave stone, the holy marble, disturb his bones and order his relics consumed by fire; [120] all these things may be done and nothing evokes shame in you. Ah me, afflicted woman, what do you not suffer? My heart waxes faint. Oh support me, daughters, wherever you are.

HAST: Alas, she faints! Oh God, what counsel shall we follow here?

BISH: Bring water, whoever you are, to revive her. Oh my lady! Rub her temples.

HAST: She does not revive, but remains bereft of strength.

BISH: Oh the passion of a woman!

HAST: Say, rather, horrible torment.

BISS: Vol tochten in den geest.

HAST: Vol druk en harde slagen.

KON: Ei! my!

BISS: Zagt, zy bekomt.

KON: Waar heen, vervloekte hant?

[130] Waar henen met mijn kint, mijn hart, mijn ingewand?

Kom, neemt de Moeder meê, of doot my voor het scheyen.

BISS: Mevrouw.

KON: Wie roept my daar?

BISS: Bedaar, laat af van schreyén.

KON: Zijt gy't mijn waarde man? zijt gy't mijn betgenoot?

Och Eduart! men rukt u kinders uit mijn schoot;

Och man!

BISS: Mevrouw, bedaar, komt weder by u zinnen.

KON: Och laas, waar ben ik? smart, hoe zal ik u verwinnen?

BISS: Princes, zet u ter neêr, en geeft doch reên gehoor.

KON: Ja gy, gy zijt de man, ô Bisschop! is dat voor

De gunst die gy wel eer hebt van ons huis genooten?

[140] Des tuig u eigen hart, des tuigen alle Grooten,

BISH: Her spirit full of passion.

HAST: Full of oppression and hard blows.

QUEEN: Ah me!

BISH: Soft, she revives.

QUEEN: Whither, accursed hand! [130] Whither with my child, my heart, my very bowels. Come take the mother too, or slay me before the separation.

BISH: My Lady —.

QUEEN: Who calls me there?

BISH: Calm yourself, cease crying.

QUEEN: Is that you, my true husband? Is that you, my bed-fellow? Alas, Edward! your children are snatched from my bosom. Oh my husband!

BISH: Calm yourself, my Lady, return to your senses.

QUEEN: Alas, where am I? Grief, how shall I conquer thee?

BISH: Princess, sit down, and give ear to reason.

QUEEN: Yes you, you are the man, oh Bishop! Is this repayment for the favors from our house which formerly you have enjoyed?  
[140] Of this let your own heart be witness; of this let all the

Des tuig de meester, wiens onheil'ge wil gy dient,  
 In zulk een heiloos werk, ô snoode, ô valsche vrient!  
 Zo ver is't oost van't west als dit van mijn vertrouwen.

Biss: Mevrouw, gy volgt den aart hier in van alle vrouwen,  
 Het eerste voorwerp is u driften aldernaast,  
 Maar g'hebt een onrecht voor, dit is het alderquaast,  
 Gy bijt den steen, en laat hem dieze werpt met vreden.  
 Ei! waar toe dienen doch alzulke bitterheden?  
 Wat heb ik immermeer verhandelt of verricht

[150] Omtrent u man, of u, tot nadeel van mijn plicht?  
 En nu, wat recht heb ik mijn zelf met kracht te zetten  
 Daar tegen, 't geen ik doch geenzins en kan beletten?  
 En zal ik spreken na de zaak my spreken doet,  
 En weest verzekert dat ik spreek na mijn gemoed;  
 'k En zie geen oorzaak van u zelve zo t'ontstellen,  
 Noch zaak, waar in gy dus u eigen hart moogt quellen.  
 De Rijkxvoogt eiseht u zoon, en wettigt zijn begeer:  
 Waarom? om hem ter dood te brengen? dat zy veer;  
 Maar om den Koning vol, als gy, van misvertrouwen

[160] Met zijn gezelschap in vermaak te onderhouden.  
 Ei! gaat wat nader by u zelf in u gemoed,

nobles be witness; of this let the master whose unholy will you serve  
 in such nefarious work, be witness. O wicked one! Oh false friend!  
 As far as the East is from the West, so far is this office of yours  
 from my confidence.

BISH: In this, my Lady, you follow the nature of all women.  
 The first thing that you see becomes the object of your anger. But  
 you are wrong: that is the worst of it. You bite the stone and leave  
 in peace the man who hurls it. Oh, what end does all this bitterness  
 serve? What have I ever accomplished or brought to pass [150]  
 in regard to your husband or you that was prejudicial to my duty?  
 And now what reason have I to set myself violently against events  
 which in spite of everything I can in no way hinder? And if I  
 speak in the manner in which the affair directs me, rest assured I  
 shall speak as my conscience directs. I can see no reason why you  
 should be thus beside yourself. The regent demands your son and  
 makes his request official. Why? To accomplish his death? By no  
 means. But in order that the King, who is, like you, full of suspi-  
 cion, [160] may be agreeably entertained with his company.  
 Come, examine your thoughts a little more closely and consider

En overlegt het geen u ziele duchten doet.  
 Is't uwe zoon, gereed om op den Troon te stappen?  
 Of is't zijn oom, die zo veel aards en eigenschappen,  
 Zijn bloed, zijn eer en eed misschien verlooch'nen kan?  
 Vertrouwt gy wat gy wilt, 'k ontken hem voor die  
 man;

Of ben ik die gy schijnt alleenig te mistrouwen?  
 Zo hebt gy mijne trouw ten besten niet onthouwen.  
 Wat zeg ik veel? 't en zy u gezeggen laat,

[170] Ik vrees, gelooft Mevrouw, ik vrees een arger quaat;  
 Gewelt zal dan de plaats van vriend'lijkheid bezetten,  
 Noch gy zo kloek zijn om die voortgank te beletten,  
 Ik zal mijn leed, en gy u onwil moeten zien.

KON: O kranke toevlucht, om in noot na toe te vliên,  
 O yd'le zekerheid! wat moogtge u zelve venten,  
 En zien op yd'le wint van broosche parkementen,  
 Wat baat nu voorrecht, eed, en Geestelijke bant,  
 Wat oude vryigheid, gejoint van hand tot hand?  
 Westmunster, ziet alhier u recht te gront gestooten,

[180] U toevlucht weër ontveilt, u Heiligdom ontslooten;  
 Waar heb ik op gesteunt? waar heb ik op gebouwt?

the thing which causes apprehension to your soul. Is it your son who is ready to ascend the throne or is it his uncle who can perhaps renounce so much of his nature, his characteristics, his blood, his honor, and his oath? Believe what you wish, I do not consider him to be such a man. Or is it I alone whom you appear to suspect? If so, you do not remember my fidelity to your best interests. Why do I speak thus at length? Unless you show yourself tractable, [170] I fear, believe it, dear Lady, a worse evil will befall you. Force will take the place of friendliness, and you will not be clever enough to prevent this change. I shall be obliged to see what I dread come to pass and you, the thing that you least desire.

QUEEN: Oh ill refuge, to which in time of need to flee! Oh idle security! You may well make vaunt and rely on the idle words of brittle parchments! Of what avail now is privilege, oath and spiritual bond; of what, ancient liberty, handed down from generation to generation? Westminster! Behold now your privilege overthrown, [180] your refuge again betrayed, your sanctuary desecrated. In what have I placed reliance? What have I bulded

Op wat een zekerheid heb ik mijn zelfs vertrouwt.  
 Wel aan, men haal u dan mijn eenigh welbehagen,  
 En voert hem waar gy wilt, mijn moed kan 'tal ver-  
 dragen;

Maar denkt niet dat ik in dit droeve jammerdal  
 Mijn panden blyven na, of overleven zal.

Koomt hier mijn waarde kind, en helpt u zelf be-  
 treuren,

Kust my voor't laatst, wie weet of't ooit weer zal  
 gebeuren,

Onthoud dees laatste min die u dijn moeder gaf,

[190] Gy gaat na Eduard, en met hem na het graf,  
 Gy gaat met Eduard, mijn Eduard bezoeken,  
 Gy schreit en hebt gelijk, maar wilt u zelf verkloeken,  
 Te minder is u leed, te minder is u noot,  
 Dat gy al stervend hebt geen wezen van u dood.

BISS: Ik hoop de waarheid zal u reden niet verzellen.

KON: Wacht u voor my, ik weet van ongeluk te spellen.

BISS: Geen dink waar in den mensch zo dik bedrogen wert,  
 De feil is hier gemeen.

KON: Maar in geen moeders hert:

Dit weigerend gemoed, dit huplen van mijn aaren,

upon? To what sort of security have I entrusted myself? Ah, well, let them bring to you, then, my one comfort, and lead him where you will. My spirit can endure it all. But do not suppose that I shall remain after my treasures in your wretched vale of sorrow or that I shall survive them. Come here, my dear child, and help me grieve for you. Kiss me for the last time. Who knows if we shall ever kiss again. Remember this last love which your mother gives you. [190] You go to Edward and with him to the grave. You go with Edward, to visit my Edward. You weep and rightly, but you will prove courageous. And less will be your grief, and less will be your sorrow in that in dying, you shall not be conscious of your death.

BISH: I hope that your speech will not come true.

QUEEN: Beware of me, I know how to prophesy disaster.

BISH: There is nothing in which man is so often deceived. Error is common here.

QUEEN: But in no mother's heart. This repugnance, this

[200] Dit kloppen van mijn hart, dit rijzen van mijn haaren,  
 Dit staam 'len van mijn tong, dit beven van mijn leên,  
 Dit tranen van't gezicht, 't geen uitgemergelt scheen  
 Door lankzaam hartenleed, en onvermoeide klachten,  
 Bereiden my geen minder onheil te verwachten.

BISS: Al't geen Mevrouwte noemt is treurigheid gemeen.

KON: Maar van geen vrou als ik.

BISS: Van jammer overstreên.

KON: Maar van 't begin geleert tot druk en onbehagen.

BISS: Te meer vermoeit van zo bezwaarden pak te dragen.

KON: Die de vermoeitheid zelf voor lang al is gewent.

[210] BISS: 't Blijkt klaarlijk aan de staat waar in gy  
 heden bent.

KON: Maar nu betreur ik niet het geen ik heb te lyden;  
 Maar't geé ik wagt.

BISS: Een droom.

KON: Een onheil niet te mijden  
 Een onheil 't geen my naakt en zo de vrees vergroot  
 En had ik 't op den hals already, 't en was geen noot,  
 Al dragende zou ik dat lyden leeren dragen,  
 Nu vrees ik te gelijk, en moet mijn leed beklagen,

hammering of my veins, [200] this beating of my heart, this rising of my hair, this stammering of my tongue, this trembling of my limbs, these tears on my face which through slow grief of the heart and ceaseless complaint is exhausted in appearance, prepare me to expect no lesser misfortune.

BISH: All that my Lady says is characteristic of all sorrow.

QUEEN: But of no woman like me.

BISH: Overcome with grief.

QUEEN: From the beginning instructed in sorrow and distress.

BISH: The more wearied from supporting so grievous a burden.

QUEEN: Who long has been familiar with weariness itself.

[210] BISH: That is shown clearly by the state of mind in which you are today.

QUEEN: But now I do not regret the suffering itself but the anticipation of it.

BISH: A dream!

QUEEN: A misfortune not to be avoided,—one which approaches and thereby magnifies the fear. If it were already upon me, it would be no grief. In enduring the sorrow I should learn how to

Angstvallig schrik ik voor een droevig overval,  
 't Geen, als't my by komt, licht mijn schrik benemen  
 zal;

Maar 'k houd op mijn Heer, gy wacht van my t'ont-  
 fangen

[220] Het kind, 't geen ik u lang, en weiger om et lang.  
 Gy wacht op 't geen ik zelf voor lang al heb verwacht,  
 Mijn laatste toestant, ach! mijn laatste goede nacht:  
 Hou daar, maar laat my noch voor't laatst die lippen  
 kussen.

Ach tranen! dat gy mocht en kost en wilde blusschen  
 't Natuurlijk vuur, het geen als noch mijn ziele stooft,  
 En laten deze lamp ten naasten by gedooft,  
 Ten laatsten uitgeblust. Vaart wel mijn lieve leven!  
 Maar ach! de hand die wil, maar't hart en kan niet  
 geven,

En ook ik geef hem niet, ik wil geen oorzaak zijn

[230] Van zijne doot, en van mijn doodelijke pijn,  
 Ik wil hem niet veraân, en waar toe langer temen?  
 Indien gy hem begeert, mijn Heer, gy moogt hem  
 nemen,

Ik zal u hooge wil maar slap'lijk tegen staan.

Gaat, neemt hem, ik laat los. ontfangt, ik laat hem  
 gaan;

endure it. Now at the same time I fear for the future and must lament my present grief. Anxiously I fear a grievous onslaught, which, when it reaches me, will easily banish my fear. But I detain you, my Lord, you are waiting to receive [220] the child from me, the one I deliver to you and yet hesitate to deliver. You wait for that which I myself have long expected,—my final appearance, alas, my last good night. Keep him, but still let me kiss his lips for the last time. Oh tears! that you could and might extinguish the natural fire which yet warms my soul, and let this lamp which has nearly failed, be finally extinguished. Farewell, my dear life! But ah! my hand is willing to give him up, but my heart cannot. And I will not surrender him; I will not be the cause [230] of his death and of my own deadly grief. I will not betray him. Why lament longer? If you desire him, my Lord, you may take him. I will oppose your high will but weakly. Go, take him, I let him go;

Maar wat hem overkomt, gy moet u ziel verpanden,  
 Alleenig zal ik hem weêr eischen van u handen.  
 Gaat Bisschop, gaat mijn kind! vertrekt, gy hebt ver-  
 lof.

BISS: Vaart wel Mevrouw, den Heer die wisch u tranen of,  
 Die wil u droeve zorg met nieuwe vreugt betalen.

[240] KON: Of eer op 't alderlest ten gravewaard doen  
 dalen.

Ach! brengt my na mijn bed, mijn dochters, brengt  
 my heen,

'k En mag van droefheid my niet houden op de lêen.

Heer Hastings, zo gy wilt, gy hebt verlof te scheiden.

HAST: Mevrouw, ik moet u eerst tot uwe rust geleiden.

ACT. I. Scene 3.

BUCKINGHAM. HARTOG VAN GLOUCESTER. BISSCHOP VAN IORK.

BUK: En ofze niet en wou?

HART: Men zouze moeten dwingen.

BUK: En waar dog toe?

HART: Om op een andren toon te zingen.

seize him; I release him; but whatever happens to him, your soul  
 must be surety. From your hands alone shall I demand him again.  
 Go, Bishop; go my child; depart; you have my permission.

BISH: Farewell, my Lady. May the Lord dry your tears,—He  
 who will reward your bitter grief with new joy.

[240] QUEEN: Or rather, at the last make me descend into the  
 grave. Oh, take me to my bed, my daughters, bear me hence. For  
 very sorrow I may not stand upon my legs. Lord Hastings, if you  
 desire it, you have my permission to depart.

HAST: My Lady, I must first conduct you to your couch.

BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF YORK

BUCK: And what if she did not wish to do it?

DUKE: She would have to be compelled to do it.

BUCK: And for what purpose?

DUKE: In order to sing in another key.

BUCK: The holy place protects her from your compulsion.



BUK: De heil'ge plaats houd haar voor uwe dwang bevrijt.

HART: Voor Koningen en is geen plaats genoeg gewijt.

BUK: Zo acht gy dan gering zo diere vryigheden.

HART: Als zulks de staat vereischt, en's Konings woord, met reden,

BUK: Zo kan ik niet verstaan wat Heiligdom beduit.

HART: Ik wonder wel.

BUK: Het komt noch op mijn zeggen uit,  
U vierigheid zal ons de kans de rug doen bieden.

[10] HART: Wat veinzery vermach, dat zal door my geschieden:

Voor my, ik geef u weêr op nieuw mijn eed en woort;  
Mijn Graafschap Hartfort is het uwe rechtevoort,  
Indien gy my u hand en bystant wilt vergonnen,  
Voorts weet gy wat mijn gunst te weeg zal brengen  
konnen,

Wanneer door houwelijk ons huizen zijn verplicht;  
Wie is zo stout die ons maar geeft een quaat gezicht?  
Als mijne Neven dan daar na door mijne handen  
Vermoort. . . . .

BUK: Wat zeit de Vorst?

DUKE: No place is consecrated enough to afford protection from a king.

BUK: So you have but scant respect for such precious prerogatives.

DUKE: If the State and the King's decree demand it, but within reason.

BUK: Then I cannot understand what sanctuary means.

DUKE: I wonder indeed.

BUK: It will come to pass just as I tell you. Your zeal will cause Fortune to turn her back upon us.

[10] DUKE: What dissimulation can do, that I shall do. As for me, I give you my oath and promise anew that my dukedom of Hartford shall be yours at once, if you will but grant me your hand and support. You know what my favor will be able to accomplish further, when our houses are bound together in marriage; who will be bold enough then to make a wry face at us? When my nephews by my hands have been murdered—.

BUK: What, my Lord!



BUK: Een Christen hart en heeft Gods beelt'nis nooit ges-  
ehonnen,

Ik zwijg onnoozelen, ik zwijg zijn eigen bloed.

HART: Ik ben mijn zelfs het naast.

BUK: Wel, nadert u gemoed  
Dan noch een weinig, en beziet of gy kunt vinden  
Geen driften, die u aan u eigen zelf verbinden.

HART: Oeh, dat ik d'eerste was die zulks ten ende bragt.

[40] BUK: Oeh! dat dit was het laatst dat zulks u harte  
dacht.

Beraad u beter, en verwerpt die snoo gedachten.

HART: Wat zoud gy om te doen voor ons dan beter achten?

BUK: Bewaart haar, steltze vast. Hoe Prins! mishaaft u  
dat?

HART: 'k En zie nooit tot mijn wit te komen langs dat pat,  
Een korter word ons door een stoute daad gewezen.

BUK: Maar veel onveiliger.

HART: Wat stond' my niet te vreezen  
Voor oproer, list, bedrog, verrassen en verraad,  
Zo lang zy leefden.

BUK: Zeg, uit zo vervloekten daad;  
Wat eerlijk Engelsman uit edel zaad gewonnen,  
[50] Met goede oogen zulks niet zou beschouwen konnen,

BUCK: A Christian heart has never sullied God's image, to say  
nothing of the innocent, to say nothing of his own blood.

DUKE: I am myself his nearest kin.

BUCK: Well, commune with your own soul, be still a little and  
see if you can find no impulse to bind you to your true self.

DUKE: Oh that I were the first to accomplish such a thing!

[40] BUCK: Oh that this might be the last thing your heart  
would think of! Be better advised and reject this wicked thought.

DUKE: What in your opinion were it better for us to do?

BUCK: Guard them; imprison them. What, Prince! does that  
displease you?

DUKE: I see no way of reaching my goal along that path. A  
shorter one is shown us by a bold deed.

BUCK: But much less safe.

DUKE: What turmoil, cunning, deceit, surprise and treason  
should I not fear, as long as they were alive?

BUCK: Say, rather, because of such an accursed deed every hon-  
orable Englishman of noble birth, [50] who could not regard such

Was strakx een aanwas tot beroerten in u staat;  
 Of d'een of d'ander, die u handel tegen gaat,  
 Was machtig om u Kroon en leven te berooven,  
 Zo dik zijn moedigheid zijn reden gink te boven;  
 Of't leven minder wierd van prijs als lof en eer,  
 Elk na Tyrannen bloed zou dorsten even zeer.

HART: Die schantnaam en zal ik doch echter niet ontvlieden.

BUK: 't Is beter zonder bloed te winnen het gebieden,  
 Als dat men zijne Troon op bloed en tranen vest,  
 [60] Als't quaat zal zijn, is 't minst te kiezen 't alderbest.

HART: 't Is maar een voorstel, en noch var van mijn geden-  
 ken,

En of ik toestand hen aan't leven niet te krenken,  
 Met wat voor middelen, zeg op, en wat voor kunst  
 Breng ik hen uit, en my in d'onderdanen gunst?  
 Men kent hen datze zijn uit Eduard gesprooten,  
 My voor een broeder, hen voor erfelijke looten.

BUK: Zulkx moest door loosheid zijn verduistert en verdooft,  
 Men geef van Bastardy een brandmerk voor haar  
 hooft.

HART: Van Bastardy! hoe dat?

BUK: De wettigheid te stooren

an act approvingly, would immediately add strength to the turmoil in your kingdom. Someone or other who objected to your acts would be strong enough to rob you of your crown and your life as surely as his bravery was stronger than his reason. Whether or not mere life is worth more than praise and honor, in any case, everyone would thirst equally for a tyrant's blood.

DUKE: That shameful name I shall not escape in any case.

BUK: It is better to gain a kingdom without bloodshed than to establish a throne on blood and tears. [60] When some evil is inevitable, it is best to choose the least one.

DUKE: It is but a suggestion and still far from my thought. And if I agree that their lives are not to be injured, by what means pray, and by what sort of art shall I supersede them in favor with the subjects? It is known that they are born of Edward's stock, and that I am his brother and they, his legitimate offspring.

BUK: This must be made obscure and destroyed through cunning. Let them be branded with bastardy.

DUKE: With bastardy? How?

BUK: By destroying the legitimacy [70] of the marriage from

[70] Van't houwelijk, waar uit zy beide zijn gebooren:  
 Gy weet, en dit en komt u nu niet eerst te voor,  
 U broeders trouwbeloft' met vrou Eleanoor,  
 Met Talbeth naderhand verknoecht door echte banden,  
 En hoe dat evenwel zijn eed en waarde panden  
 Te rug gestelt, hy des niet minder naderhand  
 Gaf aan Elizabeth troulooslijk zijne hand;  
 Gy vat mijn meening, hier is iets om op te bouwen:  
 Men zal de goê Gemeent dien handel voor doen  
 houwē,  
 En hunne Bastardy bevesten op die grond:

[80] En door wie anders als der Geestelijken mond?  
 Geen krachtiger venijn en doet d'onnooss' len slapen,  
 Als't smakeloos vergift van opgeruide Papen,  
 Verknoecht door giften tot een snoode broederschap,  
 En die hun valsch verraad verbergen door de kap.  
 Laat my begaan, ik weet het alles wel te klaren.

HART: Ik ben benieuwt hoe dat den Kaneelier zal varen,  
 En wat in deze zaak by hem zal zijn gedaan.

BUK: 't Is te vergeefs gezorgt, zwijg stil, daar komt hy aan,  
 Beneffens't jonge kind.

HART: Nu is het tijd te veinzen.  
 Hoe vaart Mevrouw, mijn vrient?

which they have both been born. You know (and this does not occur to you for the first time) of your brother's betrothal with lady Eleanor, afterward joined with Talbeth in marriage; how later, nevertheless he gave his hand faithlessly to Elizabeth although in so doing he broke his pledge and his oath. You comprehend my intention; here is something on which to build. These acts ought to be put before the people and the bastardy of his sons established on these [80] grounds, and through whom but the priesthood? No venom puts innocent people more surely to sleep than the tasteless poison of incited Popery,—those who, bound by their wiles into a wicked fraternity conceal their false deceit with their cope. Let me proceed; I know how to have it accomplished.

DUKE: I am anxious to know how that will strike the chancellor and what he will do in this affair.

BUK: Your anxiety is in vain. Silence, there he comes, together with the child.

DUKE: Now is the time to dissemble. How fares my Lady, my friend?

- [90] BISS: Dat kunt gy zelf wel peinzen,  
Een moeders hart hoe nood' het zulke panden geef.
- HART: Vergeefze moeilijkheid. Weest welkom lieve Neef,  
Den Heer die weet alleen, gezeten in den hooge,  
Met welken vreugt ik u doorluchtigheid beooge;  
U naakt noch smart noch smaat, ten minsten dat ik  
weet,  
Is moeder droevig, dat is my van harten leet;  
En heeft Mevrouw haar hier zo qualijk in gehouwen,  
Ik hoop zy heeft van my geen quaat of misvertrouwen.
- BISS: Dat's meerder als ik weet, ten minsten geeft het smart,  
[100] Te scheiden van een kind, aan't moederlijke hart,  
't Is al haar troost na't schijnt, en wat belangt het  
schroomen,  
Ik heb het alles op mijn ziel en eed genomen.  
Ontfangt mijn Heer nu voorts het geen my is ver-  
trouwt.
- HART: Getrouwe Heer, ik dank u yver duizentvout;  
Kom gaan wy. dat men voort mijn waarde Neven  
beide  
Met Vorstelijke stoet tot na het Hof geleide,  
Op dat zy in den Tour verzorgt en zeker zijn.  
Mijn Neef, met u verlof. kom Heeren, volgt gy mijn.

[90] BISH: You can well imagine yourself with what difficulty a  
mother's heart gives up such a pledge.

DUKE: Fruitless anxiety! Welcome, dear nephew, God on His  
Heavenly throne alone knows with what joy I behold your Highness.  
Neither grief nor injury threatens you, at least as far as I know.  
If your mother is sad, that grieves me to the heart. And if my Lady  
acts with so much grief in this matter, I hope that she has no evil  
suspicions or mistrust of me.

BISH: That is more than I know. At least it pains a mother's  
[100] heart to part with a child. He is, it seems, nearly all her  
comfort; but, as far as her fear is concerned, I have taken an oath  
on my soul to be responsible for everything. Receive, my Lord,  
what has been entrusted to me.

DUKE: Faithful Lord, I thank you a thousand times for your  
zeal. Come let us go. Let both our worthy nephews be con-  
ducted to the Court with royal escort that they may be cared for  
with safety in the Tower. My nephew, by your leave. Come Lords,  
follow me.

## HET TWEEDE BEDRYF

HARTOG VAN GLOCESTER. BUKKINGHAM.

GLOCESTER: Tot noch toe gaat het wel, en alles na mijn hand,  
 Alleenig Hastings moet nootzakelijk aan kant,  
 Ik merk hoe zeer hy veinst, en zulks my poogt  
 t'ontgeven,  
 Zijn onvervalste trouw omtrent mijn jonge  
 Neven:  
 'k Zou elders achten zulks een loffelijke daat;  
 Maar haatze nu, dewijl't my enkel tegen gaat;  
 'k Heb stofs genoeg om hem die handel te ver-  
 leeren.  
 Maar zacht, daar komt hy aan, verzelt met eenige  
 Heeren.

HASTINGS. HARTOG. BISSCHOP VAN IORK. BUKKINGHAM.  
 STANLEY.

HASTINGS: Den Rigkxvoogt zy gegroet.

HART: De Heeren van gelijk,  
 Gy komt heel wel te pas, ten dienste van het Rijk,

## THE SECOND ACT

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE: Up till now all goes well and everything plays into my hand. Only Hastings must necessarily be despatched. I mark how he feigns, and how he tries to conceal from me his genuine loyalty to my young nephew. Under other conditions I should consider such conduct praiseworthy. But now I hate it because it is directed solely against me. I have cause enough to make him unlearn this way of acting. But soft, there he comes accompanied by some gentlemen.

## ACT II. Scene 2.

HASTINGS, DUKE, BISHOP OF YORK, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY.

HASTINGS: Greetings to the regent.

Om van de krooning van ons jonge Vorst te spreken :  
 De tijd die nadert vast, en om in geen gebreken  
 Te blyven, is het nut de zaken gaê te slaan.  
 Is't alles wel?

BISS: God lof.

HART: De Vorsten zitten aan.

BUK: De Rixvoogt neem zijn plaats.

HART: Ik moet wat staande kouten.  
 Heer Bisschop, by zo var'k mijn zelve dorst ver-  
 stouten,

[10] Een beed' was 't die ik u wel garen vergen zou.

BISS: Een beed'mijn Heer?

HART: Een beed', en die ik u vertrouw  
 Gy niet zult weigeren.

BISS: Geenzins.

HART: Ik ben met lusten,  
 En kreeg ik't niet, gewis ik zou niet konnen rusten ;  
 Ik hoor gy schoone vrucht in uwen boomgaard hebt,  
 En schoon ik weet dat gy daar groot vermaak in  
 schept,  
 Verzoek ik, aeh! 'k en durf, ik schei'er uit ten lesten.

BISS: Zo't u gelieft mijn Heer, 't is al tot uwen besten.

DUKE: The same to the Lords. You come in good time to serve the kingdom by discussing the coronation of our young Prince. The time is surely approaching, and in order to have nothing neglected, it is necessary to consider the matter. Is all well?

BISHOP: Yes, thank God.

DUKE: Let the Princes take their places.

BUK: Let the regent take his place.

DUKE: I must chat a little standing. Lord Bishop, if I dare venture it, [10] there is a request which I should like to make of you.

BISH: A request, my Lord?

DUKE: A request,—one which I trust that you will not refuse.

BISH: By no means.

DUKE: I have desires and if I do not satisfy them, I shall surely not be able to rest. I hear that you have fine fruit in your orchard, and I already know that you take great delight in it. I ask, yes, I dare it. No, I shall have to give it up after all.

BISH: As you wish, my Lord; it is just as you please.



HART: Een schotel.

BISS: Ei! waar van.

HART: Maar van u aardbezien.

BISS: Is dat ook vragens waard? mijn Heer wil flechts gebiën.

Mijn dienaar, ga terstond zijn Hoogheid te vernoegen.

[20] HART: Heer Hastings, 'k moet my nu een weinig by u voegen.

HAST: Kan ik mijn Heer dan ook een welgevallen doen?

BUK: Zijn Hoogheid is verheugt.

STANL: Niet waar?

HART: Na mijn vermoên,  
U Bruiloftsfeest die zal ons haast zijn vreugde toonen,  
Na's Konings Krooning zal men u ook moeten  
kroonen.

HAST: Den Rijkxvoogt boert.

HART: 'k En doe, gelooft, ik spreek hier ront,  
'k Ben ernstig in mijn hart, al lach ik met de mond;  
Maar Heeren, om een zaak die 'k noodig moet bedek-  
ken,  
Moet ik een weinig na mijn eenigheid vertrekken,  
En dadelijk zal ik hier weder by u zijn.

DUKE: A dish.

BISH: Of what?

DUKE: Why, of your strawberries.

BISH: Is that worth asking for? My lord has only to command.  
My servant, go immediately to please his Highness.

[20] DUKE: Lord Hastings, I must now join you for a little while.

HAST: Can I also do my Lord a favor?

BUK: His Highness is in a good humour.

STAN: Is he not?

DUKE: I expect that your wedding will soon be joyfully celebrated. After the King's coronation you must be crowned.

HAST: The Regent jests.

DUKE: Believe me, in this matter I speak quite frankly. I am serious at heart, although I laugh with my mouth. But Lords, because of a fact which I must of necessity conceal, I must depart to

[30] Mijn dienaars, haalt terwijl een fles vol Grieksche wijn.

STANL: Heer Hastings, hoor een woort.

HAST: Wat zal mijn vriend gebieden?

BUK: 't Is quaat te handelen met naaagezette lieden,  
By namen daar men slechts op bloot vermoeden bouwt,  
't Is wonder datze u noch zo veel heeft toevertrouwt.

HAST: Dit is al weêr aan, is't?

STANL: Gy spot weêr met mijn spreken.

HAST: Al weêr aan komt gy my het hoofd met droomen  
breken,

Een man als gy, gaf nooit die beuzelen geloof.

BISS: In die gelegenheid is't oor voor reden doof.

HAST: Maar mits gy my zo veel van droomen weet te zeggen,

[40] Moet gy my, zo gy wilt, die droom eens uyt gaan  
leggen.

STANL: Wèl, hoort dan: 't varken, 't geen u had gewont  
aan't hoofd,

Dat is . . . . .

HAST: Spreek zacht.

STAUL: Mijn Heer den Rijkxvoogt, en gelooft

be alone for a little while, but I shall soon be here with you again.

[30] My servants, bring straightway a flask of Grecian wine.

STAN: Lord Hastings, a word with you.

HASTINGS: What does my friend wish?

BUK: It is hard to deal with suspicious people; chiefly because they build on mere supposition. It is a wonder that she has confided so much to you.

HAST: You are at it again, are you?

STAN: You ridicule my speech again?

HAST: Again you come to addle my head with dreams. A man like you surely never gives credence to trifles.

BISH: On this occasion your ear is deaf to reason.

HAST: But if you can tell me so much about dreams, [40] you must, if you will, proceed to explain this dream too.

STAN: Well, hear then, the boar, the one that wounded your head, that is . . . . .

HAST: Speak softly.

STAN: My Lord the Regent; and, believe me, if he is now brew-

Indien geen ongeval van hem u word gebrouwen,  
Zo wilt u leven aan mijn woorden niet vertrouwen.

HAST: Om dat hy't tandig zwijn in zijne wapens voert?  
Heer Stanley.

STAN: Wel! gy houd mijn woorden dan voor boert,  
Wacht op het end.

HAST: Ik hoop my voor mijn leed te wachten;  
Terwijl en lach ik met u ydele gedachten:

[50] Ha! ha!

BUK: Wat is 'er goets, Heer Hastings, dus verheugt?  
Dat moet wat zonders zijn.

HAST: Gelijk gy denken meugt  
Mijn Heer.

BUK: Of hebt gy't een of't ander nieuws vernomen?

HAST: Heer Stanley zou my graag doen dromen door zijn  
dromen.

BUK: Daar toe is uwe geest, Heer Hastings, al te eel.

HAST: Behalven dat houd' ik van dromen niets te veel.  
Heer Stanley droomt zeer wel, hoewel ik lach met  
dezen.

STAN: Ik hoop ook dat het ons maar laechens werk zal wezen.  
Maar ziet, den Rijkxvoogt komt.

ing no misfortune for you, then do not trust your life to my words.

HAST: Is that because he bears the toothed boar in his coat of  
arms, Lord Stanley?

STAN: Well, you treat my words then as a jest. Do but await  
the issue.

HAST: I hope to protect myself from harm. In the meantime I  
laugh at your idle thoughts: [50] Ha, ha.

BUK: What is the joke, Lord Hastings, that thus amuses you?  
It must be something extraordinary.

HAST: Just what you might expect, my Lord.

BUK: Have you perhaps heard some piece of news?

HAST: Lord Stanley would make me dream because of his dream.

BUK: For that your spirit is altogether too noble, Lord Hast-  
ings.

HAST: Besides I am not overfond of dreaming. Lord Stanley  
to be sure, has dreams, but I laugh at them.

STAN: I hope too, that it will prove to be only a laughing mat-  
ter for us. But see, the Regent comes.

- HAST: My dunkt hy is verstoort.  
 BUK: Mijn Heer, is u iets quaats bejgent?  
 HAST: Niet een woort!  
 [60] Heer Kancelier, wat's dit?  
 BISS: Wat heeft u overvallen,  
 Doorluchte Vorst?  
 STANL: Hy zwijgt.  
 HAST: Heer Rijkxvoogt.  
 STAN: Niet met allen,  
 Geen redenen altoos, help Hemel! wat zal't zijn?  
 BUK: Zijn Hoogheid open doch zijn mond.  
 HART: O mijn! ô mijn!  
 BISS: Mijn Heer.  
 HART: O boosheit!  
 BUK: Ach! wilt dog u hart opbreken.  
 HAST: Het schijnt de moed is vol, hy wil en kan niet spreken.  
 BUK: Wat is den Vorst gebeurt?  
 HART: O goddeloos verraad!  
 STAN: Wat's dit?  
 BUK: Wie is hy die na zulken onheil staat?
- HAST: He seems to be disturbed.  
 BUCK: My Lord, have you met with any misfortune?  
 HAST: Not a word! [60] Lord Chancellor, what is this?  
 BISH: What has come over you, Illustrious Prince?  
 STAN: He is silent.  
 HAST: Lord Regent.  
 STAN: Nothing at all, still no answer! Heaven help us; what is the matter?  
 BUCK: Your Highness, do but open your mouth.  
 DUKE: Ah me! Ah me!  
 BISH: My Lord!  
 DUKE: Oh wickedness!  
 BUCK: Will your heart then yield its secret?  
 HAST: His heart seems too full; he can and will not speak.  
 BUCK: What has happened to the Prince?  
 DUKE: Oh godless treachery!  
 STAN: What is it?  
 BUCK: Who is he who attempts such mischief? Let the Prince give answer.

<sup>1</sup> Literally "vomits up."

De Vorst geef ons bescheit.

HART: Een ding moet ik u vragen:  
Hy die den Rijkxvoogt, door verborge list en lagen,  
Na lijf en leven heeft moordadiglijk getracht,  
[70] Na't Rijk zijn ondergang, was't slechts in zijne macht,  
Wat straf is deze waard, ik vraag't u al te gader?  
Hoe! zwijgt gy? -

HAST: Om gestraft te zijn als een verrader.

HART: Gy opent my de mond. Zegt, waarom is 'et dan  
Dat d'oude Toveres, die broeder tot haar man  
Gekent heeft, en geenzins verdient heeft zulk een eere,  
Dus heeft getracht mijn lijf en leven ,ten begeere  
Van Jane Shoor, die gy als voor u byslaap houdt,  
Te krenken met verraad, door deze twee gebrouwt,  
[80] 't En waar my d'Hemel in zijn bystant had genomen,  
Waar door ik echter noch hun lagen ben ontkomen;  
Doch zo niet, of zy heeft, gelijk gy zelf beoogt,  
Door haar vervloekte kunst dit eed'le lit verdroogt;  
Bezieet het kost'lijk pand het welk my is benomen,  
En door geen middel staat om weêr te recht te komen;  
Bezieet gy Heeren, merkt het goddeloos verraad.

HAST: Indien de Koningin, door bitt're nijd of haat,

DUKE: One thing I must ask you. He who through hidden ruse and snares has murderously plotted against the body and life of the Regent [70] and planned the destruction of the Kingdom, had it only been in his power; what punishment does such a one deserve? I ask you one and all. What! Are you silent?

HAST: Let him be punished as a traitor.

DUKE: You open my mouth. Tell me why is it, then, that the old sorceress, she who has known my brother as her husband and in no wise has deserved such an honor, thus, for the pleasure of Jane Shore, whom you hold as your mistress, why, I say, has she attempted to injure my life and limb through treason planned by these two? [80] In this affair Heaven has granted me His aid, through which I have been rescued from their toils. But not so completely, as you yourself see, but that she, through her accursed art, has withered this noble limb. Look at this valuable member which has been taken away from me and will by no means be whole again. Behold, my Lords, mark the godless treason.

HAST: If the queen, through bitter envy or hatred has wounded,

U Hoogheid heeft gequetst, beledigt, of geschonden,  
 Tot haar verschooning is geen tong in mijnen monde;  
 [90] Maar wat dat Jane Shoor ten laatsten aan mach gaan,  
 Ik ken haar onschult, en ik weet daar is niet aan,  
 Te goet is't hart om zulk een boosheid te bedryven,  
 Verschoont haar, Herr, want ik wil borge voor haar  
 blyven.

HART: Gy borge staan voor haar! wie staat dan borg voor u?  
 Gy zijt het eens met hen, ziet hier, wat zegt gy nu?

HAST: Wie! ik mijn Heer?

HART: Ja, gy.

HAST: Daar wil my God voor hoede.

HART: Gy zijt alleen den man, ô drog!

HAST: Hou't my ten goede,  
 Mijn Heer, gy zijt verdooft, ik stel mijn ziel daar voor.

[100] HART: De zaak leid al te klaar, ô snoode schender!  
 hoor:

VAN BIN: Verraat, verraat.

HART: Zie daar mijn lijfwacht en soldaten.

harmed, or offended you, there is no word in my mouth with which  
 to excuse her. [90] But as for Jane Shore, I know her innocence at  
 least and know there is nothing in your charge. Her heart is too  
 good to commit such an evil deed. Pardon her, my Lord, for I will  
 stand surety for her.

DUKE: You stand surety for her! Who, then, will stand surety  
 for you? You are at one with her. See here, what do you say now?

HAST: Who! I, my Lord?

DUKE: Yes, you.

HAST: From that may God preserve me.

DUKE: You alone are the man, oh deceit!

HAST: Pardon me, my Lord, you are deceived; upon my soul  
 you are.

[100] DUKE: The thing is all too evident, oh wicked violator!  
 Hear.

FROM WITHIN: Treason, treason.

DUKE: Come hither, soldiers of my bodyguard.

HOPMAN. MET DE LIJFWACHT. HARTOG. BUKKINGHAM.  
BISSCHOP. HASTINGS. STANLEY.

HOP: Wie roert zich hier? zijt gy't?

STAN: Gemak gy onverlaten.

Heer Rijkxvoogt, wat is dit! laat gy dit onheil toe?  
Waar in is't dat ik u Doorluchtigheid misdoe?

HART: Laat af, hier is de man.

STAN: Wat reukelooze gangen.

HART: Gy Hastings hebt als nu te wezen mijn gevangen,  
'k Beschuldig u, voor al dees Heeren van mijn Staat,  
Van t' zamenzweering, en van't opperste verraad;  
Des maakt u vaardig, 'k wil terstond het recht vol-  
voeren,

Eer wil ik spijs noch drank met mijne lippen roeren.

[10] HAST: Aanhoort.....

HAR: En zwijgt gy niet? verrader! spreekt gy noch?

HAST: Tast gy mijn onschult aan?

HART: U onschult? snood gedroeh!

HAST: Stelt.....

ACT II. Scene 3.

CAPTAIN WITH THE BODYGUARD, DUKE, BUCKINGHAM, BISHOP,  
HASTINGS, STANLEY.

CAPT: Who is making an uproar here? Are you the one?

STAN: Silence, you miscreant. Lord Protector, what is the mat-  
ter? Do you permit this mischief? Wherein have I offended your  
majesty?

DUKE: Stop, here is the man.

STAN: How entirely off the scent you are!

DUKE: You, Hastings, now must be my prisoner. I accuse you,  
before all these peers of my realm of conspiracy and of the highest  
treason. So prepare yourself for this; I desire to do justice ere I  
touch meat or drink with my lips.

[10] HAST: Listen.....

DUKE: Are you not silent, traitor? Do you yet speak?

HAST: Do you attack my innocence?

DUKE: Your innocence? Wicked monster!

HAST: Take....

HART: Dwingt u tong.  
 HAST: My voor-----  
 HART: 'k Gebied u om te zwijgen.  
 HAST: Stelt my voor Recht.  
 HAR: Gy zult terstond u vonnis krijgen.  
 HAST: En onverhoort?  
 HART: Ja, reeds verwonnen van de daad.  
 HAST: Waar is de blijk?  
 HART: Hier is't.  
 HAST: Waar van?  
 HART: Van u verraad.  
 HAST: Vergun my doch de spraak.  
 HART: Gy hebt hier niet te spreken.  
 Vaart met hem voort.  
 HAST: O Heer! wilt gy mijn onschult wreken.  
 [20] HART: Mijn Heeren, dit verdriet is my van harten  
 leedt;  
 Maar't Recht en mach niet zijn gekreukelt, dat gy't  
 weet.

DUKE: Hold your tongue.  
 HAST: Me before.....  
 DUKE: I command you to keep silent.  
 HAST: Take me before the court.  
 DUKE: You shall straightway hear your sentence.  
 HAST: And unheard.  
 DUKE: Yes, already condemned by your deeds.  
 HAST: Where is the proof?  
 DUKE: It is here.  
 HAST: Of what?  
 DUKE: Of your treason.  
 HAST: But grant me speech.  
 DUKE: There is nothing for you to say here. Away with him.  
 HAST: Oh Lord, wilt Thou not avenge my innocence?  
 [20] DUKE: My Lords, this grief lies heavy on my heart, but  
 Justice may not be thwarted; that ye know.



STANLEY. BISSCHOP VAN IORCK. ROBERT.

STAN: Nu zien ik't, niemand mach zijn ongeluk ontvlieden,  
 En't geen den Hemel wil, dat zal en moet geschieden,  
 Vergeefs is't dat den mensch zijn noodlot weder-  
 streeft,  
 Ent' onty schuwten't geen dat God beslooten heeft.  
 Heer Kancelier gy ziet, en of wy't niet en zagen,  
 Hoe dat den handel van den Rijkxvoogt staat te  
 slagen,  
 Ons dreigt de ramp genoeg, en twijl men't niet gelooft  
 Zo komt ons't ongeval als onverwacht op't hoofd.  
 Veracht rampzalig mensch, de oop' ning die u dede  
 [10] Den Hemel, en verwerpt de reden tegens rede.  
 O Hastings! Hastings! zo gy mijn getrouwigheid  
 Met hatig ongeloof, en enkel onbescheit  
 Niet had verworpen, maar bytijds geduid'ten goede,  
 Wie weet het of gy niet dit onheil kost verhoeden.  
 Heer Bisschop, maar eilaas! wat dient'er veel gezeit,  
 U vriend is't zelve die u dikmaal lagen leid,

ACT II. Scene 4.

STANLEY, BISHOP OF YORK, ROBERT.

STAN: Now I see that no one may escape his misfortune, and that whatever Heaven wills, that shall and must come to pass. In vain it is for man to strive against his fate. And it is in vain<sup>1</sup> to flee from the things that God has decreed. Lord Chancellor, you see, whether we do or not, how the policy of the Regent bids fair to succeed. The calamity threatens us clearly enough and even while it is thought impossible, the disaster will fall unexpectedly upon us. Despise, oh wretched man, (if you will) the warning<sup>2</sup> [10] which Heaven gave you and unreasonably reject reason. O Hastings! Hastings! if you had not spurned my faithful service with odious unbelief and sheer ungraciousness, but in good season had taken it in good part; who knows whether you might not have avoided your misfortune. Lord Bishop, but alas, to what purpose are many words? It is quite often one's friend himself who lays

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "It is going in the wrong direction."

<sup>2</sup> Literally, "Opening."

- En van u Broeder word u ondergang beschooren,  
 Des, best is 't dat ik zwijg, de wanden hebben ooren :  
 Niet dat ik u mistrouw, dat wil den Hemel niet !  
 [20] Maar d'een of d'ander die ons heimelijk bespriet.  
 Dit zal ik zeggen, 't geen my niet en kan bezwaren,  
 Ik wenschte aan onzen Vorst een grooter tal van jaren,  
 Al zoud' het zelve aan de mijnen zijn gekort,  
 (En d'Hemel is mijn tuig dat my de liefde port)  
 Zo lief is my't gemeen. nu vrees ik zal ons hind'ren  
 Het kleen ontzag van jonge en vaderlooze kind'ren.  
 Dat's van de lasten eend die d'onderdaan bereid,  
 Het mogende gebied van d'Opperhoofdigheid,  
 En't Rijk het welk van stam tot stamme word ged-  
 reven,  
 [30] En van den Vader erft op kinderen en neven.  
 Hier bind u't noodlot aan der Vorsten blaam of deugt  
 Met banden, die gy der naturen danken meugt,  
 Al dat gy kunt, dat is met u gebeden koopen,  
 En met u bidden van den goeden Hemel hoopen  
 Een Nazaat voor het Rijk, die pit en harssens heeft,  
 En daar de Godlijkheid en gulde deugt in leeft,

suaires for one; and one's brother who accomplishes one's ruin. Therefore, it is best that I keep silent; the walls have ears. Not that I suspect you, Heaven forbid, [20] but someone or other who is secretly spying upon us. This I shall say and no one can hold it against me. I wish that our Prince could count as his age a greater number of years, even should they be subtracted from my very own. (And Heaven is my witness that it is love that prompts me.) Thus dear is the common weal to me. Now I fear that we shall be embarrassed by the scant respect which men have for young and fatherless children. That is one of the burdens which the mighty power of the chieftainship and the kingdom which descends from family to family [30] and from father first to children and then to nephews, imposes upon subjects. Fate, in this matter, binds one to the faults or virtues of Princes with bands for which one may thank Nature. All that one can do is to purchase, with petitions and prayers, hope that the good Heaven will grant a descendant for the kingdom, who has pith and brain and in whom godlikeness and golden virtue dwell. If one's prayers are answered, it means happiness for many

En lukt het u, 't is heil voor zo veel duizent mannen;  
Doch niet, wat leed verwint de boosheid der Tyran-  
nen?

[40] Maar God verhoede, dat zo var de reden vliên  
Van ons vernuft, dat niet ons oog en zoude zien  
De straf die nu te recht bezwaart ons aller schoud'-  
ren,

Door't misverstand begaan voor heen door onze  
oud'ren,

Toen't wettig errefdeel verloor haar eersten Heer,  
En 't Huis van Lankaster voor dat van Mortimeer  
Gestelt wierd, in't gezicht van eigen Bloed en Neven,  
Daar geen der Vorsten wou zo veel als tegenstreven,  
Hoewel men ook genoeg die snoode daad misprees,  
En die van Carlil als den middagzon bewees,  
Hoe dat niet Hendrik<sup>1</sup> was de eerste van de looten,

[50] Mits uit den Bucchelaar gedaalt en afgesprooten;  
Maar eer den Graaf van March, die toen de kans ver-  
loor,

Was van een ouder Zoon, een wettelijker oir.

Maar schoon in Ed'ward't Rijk zijn Heer heeft weêr  
gevonden

thousand men; but if not,—can any grief restrain the wickedness of tyrants? But God forbid that reason should flee so far [40] from our wit that our eyes should not see the penalty which now, rightly inflicted, burdens us all, because of the feud begun of old by our ancestors, when the legitimate line lost its first lord and the House of Lancaster was substituted for that of Mortimer, in sight of his own blood and kin; a penalty imposed because none of the princes would so much as strive against that act, however sufficiently they disapproved of the wicked deed. And the Lord of Carlisle proved as clearly as the noon-day sun that Henry<sup>1</sup> was not the first of the heirs, [50] if he was sprung and descended from the hunchback, but rather that the Duke of March, who then lost the chance, was born from an older son, and so a more legitimate offspring. But although the kingdom has found again its Lord in Edward, our heads are bowed under<sup>1</sup> the burden of great sins. At that time, I say, we

<sup>1</sup> Henry IV.

Blijft echter op ons hals de last van groote zonden :  
 Toen, zeg ik, maakten wy ons schuldig aan een quaat,  
 't Geen eeuwig dijd tot schand en smaad van onzen  
 staat,

Mits Koning Richard, 't geen noch Pomfret moet  
 beklagen,

Den wettelijken Vorst door moorders hand verslagen,  
 En zulk een edel bloed zo reuk'loos wierd verplengt,  
 't Geen ieder tot een blaam van Engeland gedenkt,

[60] Als 't geen zich zelf zo licht vertast aan wettige Heeren.

BISS: Wat dat belangt, dat was nocht licht lijk te beweeran ;  
 De schulden doen ter tijd den Vorst te last geleid,  
 Bezwaren hem van zwaar gequetster Majesteit.

STAN: Hoe kost hy quetzen 't geen hy zelve moest beklagen ?

BISS: De macht des volks.

STAN: Die hem het volk had opgedragen ;

Wie draagt de Majesteit, als die den stoel beslaat ?

't En waar gy teelde twee in een en zelve staat.

BISS: Wy zijn hier vry, en elk mach sijn gevoelen spreken :

[70] Merkt op den handel, en op Richards looze trekken ;

Was hy niet die verdwaast, en quistig te gelijk,

became guilty of a crime, one which forever will remain the shame and disgrace of our State, because King Richard, the lawful prince, was destroyed by the hand of a murderer,—a crime which Pomfret must still lament—and such noble blood was spilled so wantonly. [60] Everyone considers it a disgrace to England, that she so easily lays hands upon her legitimate Lord.

BISH: As far as that goes, it was easy enough to assert the faults, which at that time were laid on the prince as a burden in order to accuse him of having gravely injured the royal power.

STAN: Upon what could he inflict injury that he himself would not have to lament?

BISH: The power of the people.

STAN: Which the people had conferred on him. Who is endowed with majesty, if not he who occupies the throne? Unless you raise two into one and the same state of power.

BISH: We are free here and each may speak his feeling. [70] Observe Richard's behavior, his sly tricks. Was it not he who

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "There remains on our neck."

Zo schandelijk verdeed de schatten van het Rijk,  
In krijgen daar de staat geen nut kost uit bejagen?

STAN: Om datze quamen toen juist averechts te slagen.  
Had hy geen macht daar toe! waarom is't niet belet!  
En stond't hem toe te doen! wie stelt de Vorst een  
wet?

BISS: Zo stond hem d'oorlog vry ten last der onderzaten?

STAN: Zo veel als hem sijn macht en wet scheen toe te laten.

BISS: Zegt ook met een dat hem zijn Kroon het voordeel gaf,  
[80] Te zetten na zijn zin de Standen op en af,

Dat hy den Rijkxraad stelde, en wederom herstelde,  
Die voor verraders en voor diergelijke schelde;  
Verschoont, zeg ik, met een, en geefst het ook een  
glants,

't Vermoorden van zĳn Oom, te Kalis, buiten's lands,  
Het dwingen van den Bank, om na zijn wil te rechten,  
Met wapenen zijn Rijk moetwillig te bevechten,  
Zijn trotze woorden, vol van schaad'lijk onverstand,  
Dat ieders lijf en goed bestond in zijne hand,  
Met goed en bloed alzo van land en volk te speelen,

foolishly and extravagantly wasted the treasures of the kingdom in wars from which the State could derive no profit?

STAN: Because they happened to turn out badly. But did he not have the power to conduct them? Why were they not prevented? And why was he allowed to act? Who imposes laws on a prince?

BISH: Was he free, then, to make war which only placed burdens upon his subjects?

STAN: Yes, in so far as his power and his law seem to permit him.

BISH: Say at once that his crown gave him the right [80] to dismiss and assemble Parliament as his taste dictated, that he established a council of state and again restored it, the members of which he abused as traitors and the like. Excuse, I say, at the same time and glorify the murder of his uncle abroad at Calais, the forcing of the bench to administer justice according to his will; his deliberate attack upon his own kingdom with weapons; his proud words, so full of shameful nonsense that the life and property of everyone rested in his hands in such manner that he could play with the property of his country and the blood of his people,

- [90] Te voeren dit het land de schatten en juweelen,  
En watter meerder wierd den Vorst te last geleid.
- STAN: 't Zy var van my, zijn doen en dartel onbescheid,  
Zijn quaden handel, en zijn snood bedrijf te rechten,  
En zo gerechtigheid hartnekkig te bevechten;  
Alleenig dat hy heeft herstelt den grooten Raad,  
My dunkt dat zulks niet min in zijn vermogen staat,  
Die (daar nooit billijk mensch met reden tegen zeide)  
Vermag alleenig die te roepen en te scheiden;  
En volgens dien na eisch de leden zelf des Raads
- [100] Te stellen af, en weêr een ander in de plaats;  
En of alzulks geenzins genoegzaam toe kost langen,  
Wie geeft den Raad de macht te spannen of te vangen?  
Die zelf een lit, ja meer, het hoeft is van den Raad,  
En zonder wie geen macht noch vonnis en bestaat;  
Ja, zonder wie (al spreekt my tegen geen of dezen)  
Die te gelijk verliest zijn naam, zijn kracht en wezen:  
Ook wierd'er vorder niet in deze zaak gedaan,  
Als hem te dwingen om zijn Scepter af te staan,  
En om dat dwang ook zelf met reden zou verschillen,
- [110] Volgd'hy daar in de dwang en keur van eigen wille,  
En zo zijn eigen zin daar tegens had gezecht,

[90] and remove from the country the treasures and jewels; and all the other things that have been charged to the prince.

STAN: Far be it from me to justify his deeds and wanton indiscretion, his wicked actions, his dastardly procedure and his stubborn opposition to justice. Only as to his change in the great council, methinks that such a thing was not less in his power than his sole right to summon and dismiss the members of the council (and against this latter prerogative, no fair-minded man has ever said anything in reason) and, as may prove necessary, [100] to dissolve it and set up another in its place. And even if he had not possessed that power as a right, who gives the council the power to sit in judgment and to imprison? He, who is himself a member, yes, more, is the head of the Council, and without whom no power or judgment exists. Yes, without whom (altho someone may contradict me) this council loses alike its name, its validity and its existence. And if nothing else had been done in this matter except to force him to yield his scepter, and if, because constraint differs from reason, [110] in this matter he had followed the constraint and

Hy had behouden zo zijn Scepter als zijn Reecht;  
Maar wat men doen moecht, was zijn hoog gezag te  
vleug'len,

Met wiegering van geld zijn dolle moed te teug'len,  
Die licht vergaat wanneer geen voorraad word be-  
schaft,

En dat's, na mijn verstand, een Vorst genoeg ges-  
traft.

Vershil is, tusschen een op's Vaders Troon gestegen,  
En hem, die zijn gebied by keurregt heeft verkregen.

BISS: Zo was de staat geparst met slaverny op't zeerst.

[120] STAN: In rechte vryheid, als het billijk word bcheerst.

BISS: Een groote zwarigheid in Opperhoofds gebieden.

STAN: Daar geenzins vry van is de macht der minderlieden;  
Merkt op't verschil en twist, de sehendige eigenbaat,  
d'Onorden in het land, de lankzaamheid van raad,  
Wanneerder meer als een, met macht gelijk gemeten,  
De staat gebied, en aan den helmstok is gezeten,  
En als----Maar wat is dit! mijn dienaar, wat voor  
máár

Ach! Hastings is al dood, ik zie't uit zijn gebaar.

ROB: O wreede tyranny! ô wat ongodlijk moorden!

choice of his will, he would have kept his sceptre and his right. But what they could have done was to restrain his high authority and, by the refusal of money, to bridle his mad disposition, which is easily dissipated whenever no provision is made for it. And that is, according to my belief, punishment enough for a Prince. The difference is that between one who mounts his father's throne and one who has gained his dominion by election.

BISH: In this way the state would be oppressed with slavery in the most extreme form.

[120] STAN: Rather exist in true freedom, if it be justly ruled.

BISH: A difficult thing under the rule of an absolute monarch.

STAN: The power of lesser nobles is in no wise free from this difficulty. Observe the dissension and quarrels, the shameful selfishness, the disorder in the land, the slowness of justice whenever more than one, equally supplied with power, rules the state and is put at the helm and— But what is this? My servant, what is the news? Alas! Hastings is dead. I see it in his bearing.

ROB: Oh cruel tyranny! Oh what an ungodly murder!

[130] BISS: Zwijgt stil, zier waar gy zijt, en let wat op u woorden.

Is Hastings om den hals gebracht, gy diennar? zegt.

ROB: Ja, Heer.

STAN: En waar omtrent?

ROB: Hier by, op't Groene regt.

STAN: O droeve máár! en hoe heeft hy zich toch gedragen?

ROB: Men hoorde uit zijn mond geen zuchten noch geen klagen,

Maar't wezen stond zo vroom als't ooit te vooren stond.

Dees woorden ik alleen ofting uit zijne mond:

Gy dienaar, zegt u Heer dat ik met duizent reden

Hem schuldig ben voor zijn genoten vriend'lijkheden,

En groot hem duizentmaal van my, rampzalig mensch,

[140] En zegt hem dat ik hem een beter uitgang wensch.

Mit als hy had met my gesproken deze woorden,

Keert hy zich om, en riep, zo dat het ieder hoorden:

Waar blijft nu den Tyran, dat hy zijn honger boet,

En zadige zijn dorst met schuld'loos menschenbloed?

Dat hy zijn valschen arm, bequaam om te verrassen

Onnoosle zielen, nu weêr opstrooie, om te plassen

In mijn onschuldig, en maar al te trouwe bloed,

[130] BISH: Keep still, remember where you are, and give some heed to your words. Has Hastings been beheaded? Servant, speak.

ROB: Yes, my Lord.

STAN: And whereabouts.

ROB: Near here, on the Green Field.

STAN: O sad tale! And how did he conduct himself?

ROB: No sighs nor any complaint was heard to issue from his mouth. But his bearing was as pious as it had always been before. These words I alone received from his mouth: "My servant, do you tell your Lord that I for a thousand reasons am in his debt because of the kindness which he has shown me. And greet him a thousand times from me, miserable man, [140] and tell him that I wish him a better end." Immediately after he had spoken these words to me, he turned around and shouted so that everyone heard, "Where is now the Tyrant that satisfies his hunger and slakes his thirst with the blood of innocent men? Let him bare his false arm again, fit to take by surprise innocent souls, in order to splash in my innocent and all too faithful blood and make his deceit clear to all the world."



En maake zijn bedrog voor al de werelt goet.

Mit greep hy by de hand den beul, die hem geleide

[150] Ter slaechtbank, daar hy strakx zich tot de dood bereide;

Zijn lokken bond hy zelf met banden boven 't hooft,  
En met een kloekheid, meer als eenig mensch gelooft,  
Leid hy zich op een balk daar by geval gevonden,  
En zonder dat hy aan zijn oogen was verbonden,  
Wacht hy den slag, die hem terstont de moortbijn gaf,  
En scheide 't loflijk hooft also van 't lichaam af.

STAN: O moort! ô ongeval! ô ongehoorde daden!

O schelm . . . .

BISS: Heer Stanley, zwijg, u stem zou u verraden.

Kom gaan wy daar gy om te klagen zeker zijt,  
Het best van al dat is te veinzen voor een tijd.

HARTOG. BUKKINGHAM. DIENAAR. BODE.

HART: 't Is dan volvoert, en dus is Hastings omgekomen,

En dezen hinderpaal is eind'lijk weghgenomen;

Heer Bukkingham 't gaat wel, zo komt men tot het wit

Then gripped he by the hand the executioner, who led him [150] to the block, where he straightway made himself ready for death. He himself bound his locks with a band on the top of his head and with a courage, greater than anyone believed possible for any man to show, he laid himself on a beam found there by chance and without having his eyes bound, he waited for the blow, which the murderous axe immediately gave him, and thus cut the praiseworthy head from the body.

STAN: Oh death! Oh evil chance! Oh deed unheard of! Oh wretch . . . .

BISH: Lord Stanley, keep silent, your voice might betray you. [160] Come let us go where you are safe to lament. The best course of all to pursue is to dissemble for a time.

ACT II. Scene 5.

DUKE, BUCKINGHAM, SERVANT, MESSENGER.

DUKE: It is then accomplished and thus Hastings is destroyed, and this obstacle is finally removed. Lord Buckingham, all goes well. Thus do we approach the end of our desire, and the royal pos-

Van ons begeeren, en het Vorstelijk bezit  
 Van Broeders Kroon, die eer mijn mannenkruin zal  
 passen

Als hem, wiens teed're kracht noch tijd eischt om te  
 wassen.

Dit Rijk is veel te groot voor zijn onnezelheid,  
 En wy te oud, om door een kinderlijk beleid  
 Gezolt te zijn, en ik en weet niet waar gedreven,

[10] Ik zoek het best van 't Rijk, en 't best van mijne Neven:  
 Op dat zo grooten last hen niet te zwaar zou zijn  
 Ontlast ik hunnen hals, en stapelze op de mijn,  
 Dat pak van staat en valt my niet te zwaar om dragen,  
 Ik neem hun moeiten wech, en d'onderdaan het klagen.

DIEN: Genadig Heer, een Bood' . . . . .

HART: Wat zegt gy?

DIEN: Een gezant

Van Pomfret, wacht vast om te kussen uwe hand.

HART: Wie zend hem?

DIEN: Ratelif, 't schijnt hy wil iets openbaren.

HART: 't Is tien om een hy brengt ons and're nieuwe máren;

[20] Maakt dat hy binnen komt, en laat ons voort alleen.  
 De Ridders die zijn dood, het leid my op de leên.

session of a brother's crown, which shall fit rather my man's brow than his, whose delicate power still needs time for growth. This kingdom is much too great for his simplicity, and we too old, to be played with by a child's judgment, and led astray by it. [10] I seek the best for the kingdom and the best for my nephews. To prevent so great a burden from being too heavy for them, I remove it from their shoulders, and place it upon mine. The burden of State is not too heavy for me to bear. I relieve them of their trouble, and my subjects of their complaints.

SERVANT: Gracious Lord, a messenger . . . . .

DUKE: What do you say?

SERVANT: An envoy from Pomfret, awaits, sent to kiss your hand.

DUKE: Who sends him?

SERVANT: Ratcliffe, it seems, wishes to reveal something.

DUKE: It is ten to one that he brings us the latest news.<sup>1</sup> [20] Have him come in, and leave us alone immediately. The Lords are

<sup>1</sup> i. e., new reports.

Mijn vriend, wat tyding is't waar meê gy zijt beladen?

Zeg op.

BODE: d'Heer Ratelif kust de hand van u Genade.

HART: Hoe is't met Grai, en die van zijn gezelschap? zegt.

BODE: Zy zijn al omgebracht door handen van't geregt.

HART: Is't zo?

BODE: Mijn ooggen zijn van hunne dood getuigen.

HART: Zo moetenze alle voor 't gerecht hun knien buigen,

Die dus verhinderen de welstand van de staat.

Gy Bode, dat gy u dit niet ontvallen laat,

[30] 'k Gebied u op u lijf; gy zult geen loon ontbeeren.

BODE: Ik ben de dienaar van u Vorstelijk begeeren.

HART: Wat dunkt u?

BUK: 't Schijnt het luk begunstigt uwe daad.

HART: Wat nu?

BUK: Dat men terstond de hand aan't werrik slaat,

Past gy op d'uw, ik ga terstond mijn rolle speelen,

Den Raad van Londen is, gelijk ik acht, ten deelen,

Of wel geheel vergaart, den Stadsvoogt heeft het woord.

dead, I feel it in my bones. My friend, what are the tidings that you bear? Speak out.

MESSINGER: The Lord Ratcliffe kisses the hand of your Grace.

DUKE: How is it with Gray and those of his company? Speak.

MESSINGER: They have all been executed by the hands of justice.

Duke: Is it so?

MESSINGER: My eyes are the witnesses of their death.

DUKE: Thus may all who hinder the welfare of the state bow their knees before justice. Messenger, [30] I command you on your life to keep this secret,<sup>1</sup> you shall not lack reward.

MESSINGER: I am the servant of your princely desire.

DUKE: How does it seem to you?

BUK: It seems that fortune favors your deed.

DUKE: What now?

BUK: Do you play your part in such a way that hands are at once set to work. I go at once to play my rôle. The Council of London is, I think, either partly or entirely convened. The Mayor has the floor.

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "Not to let this escape you."

HART: Let wel op't geen gy doet.

BUK: Ik vaar daar strakx me voort.

### HET DARDE BEDRYF.

BUKINGHAM. MAJOR. RAAD VAN LONDEN.

BUK: Myn Heer den Stadvoogt, gy aanzienelijke Raad,  
 Beroemde Burgery, en Dienaars van de Staat,  
 Gy alle die het Rijk gedijd 'tot vaste schragen,  
 Iets wichtigs staat my nu de Heeren voor te dragen.  
 U allen is bekend, en't stoot u noch op't hart,  
 Het leed geleden by het Rijk van Eduard,  
 En wat voor ongemak, in die bedroefde tijden,  
 Het Rijk, het volk, de Staat te zamen had te lyden,  
 U, zeg ik, staat noch voor, 't geen ieder noch beklaagt,  
 [10] De zware lasten die als noch u schouder draagt,  
 Met meer geweld als recht van hem u opgedrongen,  
 Alleenig om zijn moed, zo fier als onbedwongen,  
 Te stijven in't vervolg van oorlog en van leed,

DUKE: Take heed of what you do.

BUCK: I go thither at once.

### THE THIRD ACT.

BUKINGHAM, MAYOR, COUNCIL OF LONDON.

BUCK: My Lord Mayor, distinguished Council, famous citizens,  
 and servants of the Kingdom, all of you who serve as firm pillars of  
 the State, I have something of importance to present to the Lords.  
 You all know what suffering Edward has inflicted upon the Kingdom  
 and it still affects you; and what kind of trouble in those grievous  
 times the kingdom, the people, the state together were compelled  
 to suffer. You, I say, remember what everyone still complains of,  
 [10] —the heavy burdens which even yet your shoulders bear. He  
 imposed them on you more through force than justice, only in  
 order to stiffen his spirit, as proud as unbridled, in the pursuit of  
 war and harm, more to our hurt than our advantage, as you all

Tot meerder schade als nut, gelijk gy alle weet,  
 't Geen meenig onderdaan noch heden moet bezuuren,  
 En meenig stad beschreit met neêrgesloopte muuren,  
 't Geen meenig Weeuw en Wees, och! dat het God  
 verdroot,

Berooft heeft van haar man, van vader, en van brood;  
 Wie telt de zwarigheên gekomen op ons allen

[20] Door zijn onstuimigheid, en zo veel ongevallen?  
 Wie telt de lijken, die veel meer zijn als men looft,  
 En daar het Vaderland blijft eeuwig van berooft?  
 Wat spreek ik veel? daar gy noch meerder hebt  
 geleden,

En ons verdriet als nu die onregeltheden.

Nu, zeg, ik, is ons wensch en bidden spaade en vroeg  
 Het droevig zwaert te zien verandert in den ploeg,  
 Den krijgsman in den oogst die handen schijnt te  
 eissen,

En daar te schermen met het flinkerende zeissen:

Dit wenschen wy, en gy, en al de gantsche Staat,

[30] En niemand is 'er die den oorlog niet en haat.  
 Maar iets nochtans schijnt ons in dezen weg te hind-  
 ren,  
 En vraagt gy wat het is? 't gebied van jonge kind-  
 ren;

know. That spirit many subjects even today must atone for, and many a city with demolished walls deplores. That spirit has bereft many widows and orphans, [Oh, that God may be vexed thereby!] of their husbands, of their fathers, and of bread. Who can count the dangers [20] and the many misfortunes come upon us all through his impetuosity? Who can count the dead bodies, which are many more than is believed, bodies of men of which the Fatherland has been forever deprived? Why do I say these things when you have endured much more? And those events have caused more sorrow than these do now. Now, I say, it is our wish and prayer, early and late, to see the grievous sword transformed into the plough, to see the warrior in the harvest field, which seems to need hands, and to see him there fencing with the flickering scythe. These are the things that I and you and the whole state desire, [30] and there is no one who does not hate war. But something yet seems to hinder us in attaining our desires. And do you ask what it is?

Gy weet waar heen ik wil, doch zijt geenzins verschrikt,

Maar eer met rijpen raad en oordeel overwikt,  
(Indien gy anders hebt de staat des Rijks begrepen)  
Wat zulke Vorsten al verand'ring met zich slepen.

Ons Nagebuuren, meer door vrees als vreë gestilt,  
De Frans. de Schot'en Yer. zoo rusteloos als wilt,  
Gestijft in grooten hoop door kinderlijk Regeeren,  
[40] Niet zullen laten 't zwaert op nieuw naar ons te  
keeren;

En gawe God dat zulks op slecht vermoeden lag,  
En dat men reets daar van geen klare schijn en zag.  
En nu, wat raad om zulks met kracht te rug te houwen?  
En vraagt gy 't my? de Stoel een ander te vertrouwen,  
Die te gelijk betracht u voordeel en u goet,  
En schut met enkel macht zoo zwaren watervloet,  
Die met een gantsche zee van jammerlijke stroomen,  
Ons leider, eer men 't weet, staat op den hals te  
koomen.

Hier weet ik staat u nu genoegzaam tegens't hart,  
[50] Te stooten van den Stoel het zaat van Eduard,  
De wettelijke kruin van's Vaders Kroon t'ontbloten,

The rule of young children. You know what I am driving at, but be in no wise terrified. But rather consider with ripe counsel and judgment, (in case you have conceived the state of the kingdom to be different) what changes such princes bring in their train. Our neighbors are subdued more through fear than love of peace. The French, the Scotch and the Irish, as restless as wild, stiffened in great hope through the rule of children, [40] will not hesitate to turn the sword against us anew; and God grant that such a thing were founded upon false suspicion and that there were not already clear evidences of it to be seen. And now, how do you advise holding back such forces with might? Do you ask me? I advise entrusting the throne to some one else, to a man who considers alike your advantage and your good, to a man whose single might dams for us an inundation as mighty as an entire sea of wretched streams, which before we are aware of it, will overwhelm<sup>1</sup> our leader. Here I know, that these proposals run counter to your feelings, [50] namely to banish Edward's seed from the throne; to deprive the lawful head of

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "come up to the neck of."

Te spatten uit de reekx van erfelijke looten,  
 Het kinderlijke recht te staaten met de voet,  
 En alles wat men voorts in zulken handel doet.  
 Maar hier in staat my eerst u oogen op te klaren,  
 Een schel t'onttrekken, die't gezicht u zoo veel jaren,  
 Belemmert heeft, en voor den rechten dag bedekt,  
 Op dat gy word te recht uit dezen droom gewekt.  
 Wy zijn (en 't doet my zelf den snooden handel  
 schamen)

[60] Niet door het echte zaat, noch wettige erfgenamen,  
 Maar door een Bastaartspruit, 't geen ons op't hoogste  
 smart,

Tot hier en toe beheerst van Konink Eduard.  
 Verschrikt vry! lat u dit vry nieuw in d'ooren don-  
 dren;

Maar staakt nu wederom, mijn Heeren, het verwon-  
 dren,

En treet met my te rug. U staat, vertrouw ik, voor  
 Hoe Konink Eduard zijn trouw aan Leonoor,  
 (Zoo wettelijk als met gestaafden eed bezwooren,  
 Eer dat Elizabeth wierd tot zijn Bruid verkooren)  
 Gegeven had, en hy noch echter naderhand.

[70] Ontziende eer noch eed, noch God, noch smaat, noch  
 schant,

the father's crown; to interrupt the sequence of hereditary offspring; to spurn the rights of a child; and everything else that must be done in such an affair. But herein it is my duty to clear your eyes, to remove the scales which for so many years have impeded your true vision and hidden the real light of day; so that you may be rightly awakened from this dream. Up to now we have been ruled (and the wicked business makes even me ashamed) [60] not by the real seed or lawful heirs of King Edward,—a fact which pains me in the highest degree—but by a bastard scion of his. Be as terrified as you wish, let this thunder freely in your ears as something new. But now cease wondering again, my men, and turn back with me to the past. You remember, I believe, how King Edward had pledged his troth to Leonore, a troth sworn to as legally as with an authentic oath, before Elizabeth had been chosen for his bride. And you remember how he, afterwards, nevertheless, [70] considering neither honor nor oath, nor God nor insult, nor

En zelve, zonder zich van dezen band te redde,  
 Zich heeft bezoedelt met een ander Bruiloftsbedde,  
 Daar deze Kinders zijn als wetloos uit geteelt:  
 Aanmerkt wat grouwlijkheid in dezen handel speelt.  
 Maar denkt niet dat my dit alleenig kan bewegen,  
 Het Land, de Stad, ja zelf de Kerk is allerwegen,  
 Van deze schantvlek vol, een ieder maakt geluit,  
 Den Preekstoel roept alreeds met volle monden uit,  
 De vloek die deze daat, dit overspel, is eigen,

[80] En die gewisselijk ons onheil schijnt te dreigen.  
 Zy leeren, en daar is noch raat noch bidden voor,  
 Gloucester is alleen zijn's Broeders wettig oir,  
 Zijn Vaders beeltenis; des tuigen alle menschen,  
 Niet dezen Eduard, noch d'Hartog van Clarencen,  
 De rechte spruit van Jork, die't Rijk op schouders  
 draagt,

Het welk hy Lankaster ontvoert heeft en ontjaagt;  
 Dus roept nu ieder een, en't volk is niet te keeren.  
 Maar om een meerder quaat en ongeval te weeren  
 Verzoek ik, dat gy hier met my te zamen staat,

[90] Een Mannenhoofd verkiest, en jonge Kinders laat,

shame, without breaking off his union, disgraced himself by another marriage from which these children, as illegitimate, have been born. Observe what horror lurks in this affair. But do not think that this truth has the power to move me alone. The country, the city, yes, the very church everywhere is fully aware of this shameful stain. Everyone spreads the tidings. The clergy already proclaims at the top of its voice the curse which attaches to this adultery, [80] one which really seems to threaten us with disaster. They teach, and from their reasoning there is no appeal, that Gloucester alone is his brother's legitimate heir, the image of his father. All men bear witness to this. "Not this Edward, nor the Duke of Clarence, is the true scion of York, is the man to bear the kingdom on his shoulders, the one of which he has robbed Lancaster and from which he has driven him off." Thus everyone now shouts, and the people is not to be diverted. But in order to ward off a great evil and misfortune, I ask that you cooperate with me in this matter, [90] that you choose a man and pass by young children, cast



De Bastaartspruit verwerpt, gelijk wy al te zamen,  
 En in de plaats verkiest de wettige erfgenamen,  
 U onheil koomt te voor, en wijfzelijk voorziet.

Wat zegt gy Heeren? hoe! en antwoord gy my niet?  
 Heer Major, wat is dit? wat spel zult gy ons speelen?  
 Gy mannen, 'k moet u weër de zaak op nieuw bevelen:  
 Voorziet u ongemak, ik raade u voor het lest,  
 Betraecht de goede stant van het gemeene best,  
 Verhoed' gemeene twist, toont u als onderzaten.

[100] Als noch geen antwoord? kan mijn zeggen dan niet  
 baten?

Ten dardemaal, al is u onverstant my leet,  
 De Staten van het Rijk die zijn al, dat gy 't weet,  
 De zaken eens, en 't werk is vast by hen beslooten,  
 Alleenig vond men goet, om u als Staatgenooten,  
 De zaak te toonen, om u toestant, en zo niet,  
 Uit aller Vorsten last, gy Heeren, ik gebie't,  
 Ik wil dat gy u hals voor d'hooge Wet zult buigen,  
 Of al de werelt neem ik heden tot getuigen,  
 Men zal u van verraad betichten, en de straf,

[110] 't En zy gy u beraad, en is zoo var niet af.  
 Wat zegt gy eind'lijk?

off a bastard-scion, as we all do together, and choose in his place the legitimate heir. Prevent your misfortune, and look ahead with wisdom. What do you say? What? Do you not answer me? Lord Mayor, what is this? What game are you playing on us? You men, I must again commend the affair to you anew. Avoid trouble for the future. I advise you for the last time; consider the welfare of the commonwealth, avert civil strife, act like subjects. [100] Still no answer. Can my speech then be of no avail? A third time, even though your lack of intelligence pains me, I say for your information that the nobles of the realm are agreed in the affair, and that they have definitely decided the matter. Only it seems wise to reveal the plan to you, as citizens, and to ask your permission; but if I do not obtain it, I shall demand it in the name of all the princes. I wish you to bow down before the high law or, I take the whole world today to witness, you shall be accused of treason, [110] and unless you take better counsel, your punishment is not far off. What do you say then?

DE GEMEENTE: Lang moet Konink Richard leven.

BUK: Lang leve ons wettig Vorst, den Hemel wil hem geven  
Zijn vyanden ter neêr te werpen. nu dan, gy  
Wie 't is, die ons bemint, die kom en volledig my.

MAJ: Gy ziet mijn Heeren 't werk dat heden is beschooren,  
En zien ik recht, zo is ons wederstant verlooren  
Voor my, het dunkt my best, 't en zy gylieden zijt,  
Van and're meening, zich te voegen na den tijd,  
Was't meestedeel met ons der Vorsten en der Standen,  
[120] Ik wederstond: maar nu, een ieder wacht zijn handen;  
Wat my aangaat, ik ga en doe het hoog bevel,  
Die wijs is, dat hy volg en doet zich zelve wel.

1 RAADSH: Zo doen ik ook.

2 RAADSH: En ik.

3 RAADSH: Ik moet mijn raden laten,  
Zo 't u alleens is wie gy staat voor onderzaten.

THE COMMONERS: Long live King Richard.

BUK: Long live our legitimate prince, Heaven grant him  
power to overthrow his enemies. Now then, whoever favors us,  
let him come and follow me.

MAYOR: You see, men, the task that has been assigned to us today.  
And if I see aright, we have no longer power to resist. As for me,  
it seems best, unless you, the people, are of a different opinion, to  
yield to the time. If the greater part of the Princes and the Nobles  
were with us, [120] I should withstand, but now everyone holds  
himself aloof. As for me, I go to execute the high commands. He  
who is wise, let him follow and serve his own interest.

FIRST COUNCILLOR: That is what I shall do.

SECOND COUNCILLOR: And I.

THIRD COUNCILLOR: I must withhold my advice, if it is a matter  
of indifference to you whose subjects you are.

STANLEY. HARTOG. DIENAAR. BODE. BUCKINGHAM.

- STAN: Niet dat alleen, maar na hy voor my heeft bekend,  
 Staat nu gantsch Wallis reeds in wapens overend,  
 Elk isser op de been. Riceap ontluikt zijn vanen,  
 En Richmont heeft hen reeds tot zijne onderdanen;  
 Hy zelve is in't Rijk, en nadert hand voor hand  
 En niemand weet hoe hy daar binnen is geland;  
 Elk heeft den mond vol, en men mompelt met mal-  
 kand'ren,  
 En d'een en d'ander spreekt, 'k en weet van wat ver-  
 and'ren;  
 Men hoort, men ziet gerucht, en weet niet tot wat end.
- [10] HART: Alzulke tydingen ben ik niet ongewent.  
 't Is nu al lang verleên dat vastlijk was vernomen  
 Den Graaf van Richmont was in't Koninkrijk geko-  
 men,  
 Gestijft met Schotsche en Walseh', ja zelve Fransehe  
 macht,  
 En hou derhalven zulke tydingen verdacht;

ACT III. Scene 2.

STANLEY, DUKE, SEVANT, MESSENGER, BUCKINGHAM.

STAN: Not that alone, but as he has confessed to me, now all Wales is fully armed.<sup>1</sup> Everyone is afoot. Riceap unfurls his banners, and Richmond already rules these men as his subjects. He himself is in the kingdom and approaches rapidly. And no one knows how he has effected a landing in the country. Everyone is full of words and men murmur to each other, and everywhere speak of all sorts of possible changes. Men hear rumours, see them circulate and know not what end they forebode.<sup>2</sup>

[10] DUKE: I am not unaccustomed to such reports. Some time since we had certain information that the Duke of Richmond had come into the kingdom, reinforced with Scotch and Welsh, yes even with French forces. And therefore I consider such reports to be suspect. I must be convinced by clearer proof before I stand ready

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "stands upright in arms."

<sup>2</sup> Literally, "Men hear and see rumours and know not to what end."

Men moet met klaarder blijk my weten te verdooven.  
 Eer dat ik vaardig sta die máren te gelooven.  
 Terwijlén gaan ik voort, waar ook men my voor houd,  
 In zorgen van het Rijk, het welk mijn is vertrouwt,  
 Om als't my word ge-eischt des rekening te geven

[20] Aan d' Opperkonink, 't volk, en beid' mijn jonge  
 Neven;

Maar dat my iemand kost va deze last ontslaan,  
 Mijn Heer den Kancelier, hoe wel was ik 'er aan.  
 't Is quaat om't ieder een zo wel te pas te maken,  
 Dat dees u niet besta te vloeken, die te laken,  
 Hoe kleinen misslag hier of ginder word begaan,  
 't Komt alles op die geen, die't hoog gezag heeft, aan,  
 En niemand tracht 'er te bedekken zijn gebreken.

DIE: Mijn Heer, een Bode wenscht zijn Hoogheid eens te  
 spreken?

HART: Van wie?

DIEN: Van Buckingham, hy vergt om groote spoet.

[30] HART: Zegt dat hy binnen komt. gewis hy brengt geen  
 goet.

BODE: Mijn Heer, zijn Hoogheit. . . .

to believe these tales. In the meantime, whatever men may think of me, I shall continue to care for the kingdom which has been entrusted to me, [20] in order that when the reckoning is demanded of me, I may render it to the King above, to the people and to both my young nephews. But if someone could really remove this burden from me, my Lord Chancellor, how happy I should be! It is hard to please everyone so well that someone or other will not feel inclined to curse or to find fault. However small the mistake that is made anywhere, it is all blamed on that one who holds the high authority. And no one in that position attempts to conceal his faults.

SERVANT: My Lord, a messenger wishes to speak with your Highness.

DUKE: From whom?

SERVANT: From Buckingham, he asks for great speed.

[30] DUKE: Tell him to come in. He surely brings no good news.

MESSENGER: My Lord, your Majesty.

HART: Stelt u eerst wat tot bedaren,  
Gy zijt vermoeit, en zegt ons dan u wedervaren.

BODE: Den Hartog, mijnen heer, zijn Hoogheid weten laat,  
Hoe dat hy met het volk van Londen, en den Raad,  
Om zaken van gewicht, daar veel is aan gelegen,  
Om u te spreken is in grooten haast op wegen,  
En bid, door my, dat zich den Rijkxvoogt doch bereid,  
De wille van het volk te jonnen goet bescheid.

HART: Heer Stanley! wat is dit? mijn beenen staan en beven,  
[40] Zuk groote onsteltenis en voelde ik nooit mijn leven!  
My valt ict zonders in, en God verhoed'het quaat,  
Ik vrees voor ongemak en oproer in de Staat.  
Hoor! wat gerucht; gewis zy zijn al voor de handen.  
Daar is den Hartog. wel, mijn Heer, wat misver-  
standen

Bewegen u dat gy (en't geen ik niet en prijs)  
My komt bezoeken op zo ongewoon een wijs?

BUK: Is hier misdaan, zo hout ons, bid ik, zulks ten goede;  
Maar d'oorzaak van ons komst en zoud gy nooit ver-  
moeden:

Mijn Heer, gy ziet alhier verzamelt te gilyk

[50] Uwe onderdanen, met de Machten van het Rijk,

DUKE: First calm yourself. You are fatigued. And tell us then  
your great adventure.

MESSENGER: My Lord, the Duke, informs your Highness, that  
he with the people of London and the Council, is on the way hither  
in great haste to confer with you about affairs of weight in which  
much is at stake. And he asks through me that the Regent prepare  
himself to give a favorable answer to the will of the people.

DUKE: Lord Stanley! What is this? My legs begin to trem-  
ble. [40] So great perplexity, I have never felt in my life. Some-  
thing strange comes to my mind, and may God ward off the evil. I  
fear disturbance and uproar in the state. Listen! what a noise! Cer-  
tainly they are already at hand. There is the Duke. Well, my  
Lord, under what misunderstanding are you labouring that you (a  
fact that I deplore) come to visit me in so unusual a manner.

BUK: If we are guilty of crime, I pray you to believe that we  
have committed it for your good. But the reason of our coming you  
could never suspect. My Lord, you see here assembled all to-  
gether, [50] your subjects, with the might of the kingdom. unani-  
mously determined, if it may please you, to offer the crown....



[70] Gy weet ons lyden, komt en reddert nu den noot.

HART: Wat hoor ik! Hemel kunt gy zulke reën verdragen?

En stort gy niet op ons u alderzwaarste plagen?

O aard! ontluikt gy niet, en zweelgt ons in u balg?

Neef Buckingham, my steekt van uwe reën de walg,

'k Vertooren my met recht om zulke gruwlijkheden.

Ziet gy my daar voor aan? acht gy het recht en reden?

Mijn jaren die't betaamt te denken om het graf,

Dus zwart te schilderen met zulke grouwels af?

Acht gy my dan van aard zo boos en overgeven?

[80] Zo trouweloozen Oom omtrent mijn jonge Neven?

Komt, want ik zie dat gy my totter dood toe haat,

'k Ontsla van nu voortaan mijn zelf van alle Staat,

'k En wil niet meer het Rijk als Koningsvoogt be-  
heeren,

Kiest daar een ander toe, och ja! 't is mijn begeeren.

'k Heb trouwelijk mijn plicht verrecht tot hier en toe;

Laad gy my lasten op? ik ben de lasten moe.

O! dat veel eer de dood mijn endelijk koom nad'ren,

En mijne beenderen verzaam met mijne Vad'ren,

Dat eer mijn lamp verdwijn, en keer in smook zijn  
brand,

What more shall I say? The matter is already too clear. [70] You know our suffering, come now and banish our distress.

DUKE: What do I hear? Oh Heaven, couldst Thou permit such a speech to be made and not visit us with Thy most severe punishments? Oh earth, dost thou not gape and swallow us in thy belly? Cousin Buckingham, your speech stings me to loathing. I am justly angry at such horrors. What sort of man do you believe me to be? Have you no respect for right and reason? Do you thus paint black with horrors the years in which it becomes me to think of the grave? Do you consider me, then, by nature so evil and abandoned, [80] such a false uncle towards my young nephews? Come, for I see that you hate me to death, from now on I shall give up all affairs of state, and I will no longer govern the kingdom as regent. Choose another for that duty. Oh yes! it is my wish. I have faithfully performed my duty till now. Will you force the load upon me? I am tired of the burden. Oh, much rather let death finally approach me and my bones be gathered to my fathers. Rather let my lamp be extinguished and turn its

[90] Ee r ik met zulken vloek bezoedel mijne hand.  
 Wel aan, 't is lang genoeg, wilt my niet meer verwek-  
 ken,

Beraad u beter; en gy Heeren moogt vertrekken.  
 Mijn zorg zal echter zijn voor't Rijk mijn leven lank,  
 Maar zulke redenen weet ik u weinig dank.

BUK: Zo 't is om my dat gy ons weigert te ontfangen,  
 Zo doet 'et om't getraan, dat de besturven wangen  
 Van d' angstige Gemeente in overloet besproeit,  
 En't ongenoegen't geen in hare harten groeit.  
 Och! dat bezwooren plicht noeh was in u gebleven,

[100] Doorluchtig Vorst, gy zoud' ons heden niet begeven,  
 Gy zoud' ons uwe arm ontsluiten, om al lang  
 U volk te stoooven in die zoeten ommevang;  
 Maar ach! de liefde is uit, en des vergeefs, wy moeten  
 Ons werpen neder voor u Vorstelijke voeten;  
 Maar zooder liefde meer op aarden word gezien,  
 Betoont ons uwe gunst, ô Vader! kan't geschien?  
 Laat eigen inzicht doch u goedigheid niet hind'ren,  
 Ons in u waarde schoot t'ontfangen als u kind'ren;

flame to smoke, [90] than that I should soil my hands with such a crime. Well, this is enough. Do not provoke me further; be better advised; and you, Lords, may depart. My care, nevertheless, shall be for the kingdom all my life, but for such advice, I return but little thanks.

BUK: If it is on my account that you refuse to receive us, then be moved by the tears that abundantly flow down the cheeks of the anxious common people pale through fear,<sup>1</sup> and by the displeasure which grows in their hearts. Oh would that the duty which you have sworn to perform, was still strong in you! [100] Then, O Illustrious Prince, you would not abandon us today. You would open your arms to us, so that you might continually warm your people in your sweet embrace; but alas! the love is gone, and therefore in vain we must cast ourselves down before your princely feet. But as proof that love still exists on the earth, show us your favor. Oh father, may it not come to pass? Do not let your own judgment prevent your goodness from receiving us in your worthy

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "the weeping that abundantly besprinkles the fright-pale cheeks."



Wy bidden op het zeerst, ei! geeft ons toeh gehoor.

[110] HART: 't Zy var van my, dat ik u weiger als te voor  
Een goede voorzorg al mijn leven lank te strekken,  
Maar met de goude Kroon mijn oude kruin te dekken,  
Met's Koninks Scepter te verlaân mijn dorre hand,  
Te treden op den Troon, komt nooit in mijn verstant.  
Laat 't u genoeg zijn, u mijn beste zorg te geven,  
Maar, mach ik bidden, laat het Rijk aan mijne Neven.

BUK: Doorluchtig Engelsman, die d'eer in achting hiel,  
Maakt' nooit aan Bastaarzaat ten slaaf zijn vrye ziel,  
Noch liet van wetloos Vorst zijn wettig Rijk beheeren,

[120] En hoe kunt gy van ons zo vuilen zaak begeeren?  
Vertrouwt my Heer, ik spreek dees reden zonder erg.  
Want nood'loos is het dat ik zulks voor u verberg:  
Wy lieven't Huis van Iork, dat moogt gy vrylijk  
weten,

En d'Adelijke stam van u Plantageneten,  
En haten Lankaster veel slimmer als de dood;  
Maar zo gy ons aldus voor't hoeft te rugge stoot,  
't En is niet buiten zorg dat't volk, in deze ellenden,  
De oogten weder na hun ouden Heer zou wenden.  
Ja dat men't zeggen dorst . . . .

bosom as your children. We beseech you most urgently. Oh, do but hear us!

[110] DUKE: Far be it from me to refuse to be all my life long what I have been hitherto,—your faithful guardlan. But to cover my old head with a golden crown, to burden my withered hand with the king's sceptre, to ascend the throne,—these things never enter my mind. Let it content you, that I give you my best care, but I beseech you, leave the kingdom to my nephews.

BUCK: The illustrious Englishman, he who holds honor dear, never makes his free soul the slave of bastard-seed, nor lets his lawful kingdom be ruled by an illegitimate prince. [120] And how could you desire so base an action from us. Trust me, my Lord, I make this speech without evil intention, for it is needless for me to conceal such things from you. We love the House of York,—that you are free to know—and your noble family of Plantagenets, and hate Lancaster much worse than death; but if you thus directly insult us in our presence, it is not beyond belief that the people, in these miserable straits, should again cast their eyes upon their old lord. Yes, men dare to say that.

HART:

Wat dan?

BUK:

Ik zie alreê,

[130] 't En zy gy geeft gehoor aan ons gerechte beê,  
 En ons by tijds bestaat u gunste te bewijzen,  
 't Verstootten Lankaster verwakk'ren en verrijzen.

HART:

Dat wil den Hemel niet dat ik die stond beleef,  
 Of dat ik oorzaak tot zo grooten onheil geef,  
 Eer wil ik lijf en ziel te zaam te pande zetten,  
 Om zulken ongeval geweldig te beletten.  
 Wat doen ik? Hemel, ach! wat neem ik by der hand?  
 Hier dringt my 't beste van't geminde Vaderland,  
 De welstant van het volk vertrouwt aan mijne handen,  
 [140] Daar weêr mijn Neven, die zo lieffelijke panden.  
 Hier komt gemeene liefde, en watter meêr toe hoort,  
 Daar komt byzond're min my kraachtelijk aan boort;  
 Wat kies ik? reden, ach! gy doet my klaarlijk blijken  
 't Gemeene gaat voor al, 't byzondere moet wijken.  
 Kom doet dan wat gy wilt, ik neeme des gedult;  
 Maar hoogen Hemel, ach! gy kent my buiten schult.  
 Vergeeft my Neven, ach! vergeeft my schoone Niehten,

DUKE: What then?

BUCK: I see already [130] that unless you give ear to our righteous plea and betimes undertake to show us your favor, the rejected Lancaster will awake and arise.

DUKE: Heaven forbid that I should live to see that hour, or that I should be the cause of so great a misfortune. Rather will I offer up life and soul as a pledge to prevent by force such a misfortune. What am I doing? Alas, Heaven! What am I undertaking? On one hand the good of the beloved Fatherland urges me on,—the welfare of the people entrusted to my hands; [140] on the other, are my nephews, these pledges that are so lovely. On one side is love of the common weal and all that pertains to it; on the other, is love of individuals and it has a powerful appeal.<sup>1</sup> Which shall I choose? Reason, alas! you make me see clearly; the common weal takes precedence over everything; the particular must give way. Come do what you wish. I accept your will patiently. But, oh high Heaven! Thou knowest me to be without guilt. Forgive me,

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "Comes aboard powerfully."

Voor algemeene dwang moet uwe liefde zwichten.

BUK EN 'T VOLK: Lang leve Richard, lang zo leef ons wettig Heer.

[150] HART: Lang moet de vreë bestaan by u, dat's mijn begeer.

BUK: Dat ieder een terstond zijn naerstigheid betoone,  
Om onzen Konink voort te zalven en te kroonen,  
Eer datter eenig dink beletzel van mag zijn.

HART: Een wettig Vorst en bind zich aan geen yd'le schijn.

### HET VIERDE BEDRYF.

DEN HARTOG VAN GLOUCESTER, NU KONING RICHARD. TYREL.

HART: Op u vertrouw ik my, ô Tyrel! nu geheel,  
En tot dien einde geef de sleutels van 't Kasteel  
In u geweld, volvoert het opzet noch voor morgen,  
Brenge haar om hals, verlost het Rijk en my van  
zorgen,  
En laat geen Koninks bloed verletten uwe hand,  
Gy ziet ik bind my noch aan stam noch bloedverwant,

nephews. Oh! forgive me, beautiful niece. Your lives must give way before the universal compulsion.

BUCK AND THE PEOPLE: Long live Richard! long live our legitimate Lord.

[150] DUKE: Long may peace be yours, that is my desire.

BUCK: Let everyone immediately show his eagerness to annoint and crown our King at once, before there can arise any sort of opposition.

DUKE: A legitimate prince is dependent on no idle ceremony.

### THE FOURTH ACT.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, NOW KING RICHARD, TYREL. \*

DUKE: To you I entrust myself, O Tyrel, completely now, and to that end I give the keys of the castle into your hands. Carry out your plot yet before morning, put an end to them, free the kingdom and me from anxiety, and let no king's blood stay your hand. You see that neither race nor blood-relationship stays my

Wacht op belooning, gy en hebt geen straf te vreezen,  
By voorraad zal den Tour u aanbevolen wezen.

TYR: Den Vorst en twijffel niet aan d'uitkomst van de daad,  
[10] Ik volledig u bevel, en maak my vaardig.

RICH: Gaat.

BUCKINGHAM. KONING RICHARD.

BUK: Wat wonders heeft de Vorst met Tyrel doch besteken?

RICH: Niet zonders.

BUK: Of ontziet gy zulks voor my te spreken?

RICH: Zo't u belangde, ik zweeg het voor den Hartog niet.

BUK: 't Is quaat te heelen't geen men voor zijn oogen ziet.

RICH: Was ziet gy dan?

BUK: Het geen my noodig moet mishagen.

RICH: In alles hebt gy u als onderdaan te dragen.

BUK: Zo lang het quaat zo hoog en heftig niet en wast,  
Dat ons gemoed daar door gearst word en belast;  
Ik hoef de waarheid aan den Koning niet te vergen,

hand. Await your reward, you have no punishment to fear. To begin with, the tower is put under your control.

TYREL: The prince need have no doubt about the issue of the deed. [10] I follow his orders and make myself ready.

RICH: Go.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

BUCKINGHAM, RICHARD.

BUCK: What strange thing has the Prince plotted with Tyrel?

RICHARD: Nothing in particular.

BUCK: Or are you afraid to mention it before me?

RICHARD: If it were of consequence to the Duke, I should not remain silent about it to him.

BUCK: It is bad to conceal what men see before their eyes.

RICHARD: What do you see, then?

BUCK: Something which must needs displease me.

RICHARD: In all things you must behave as a subject should.

BUCK: As long as the evil does not grow so high and violent that our mind is oppressed and burdened by it. I need not de-

[10] Noeh hy de gront van't werk voor my te gaan verbergen.

Gy legt op't leven toe van uwe Neven, niet?

RICH: Wat vraagt gy, by zo var gy zulks voor oogen ziet?

BUK: Ik vraag het geen ik weet, na Englands bederven;  
Maar gy voor wetens doet u eigen Bloed versterven;  
Wat Tyger in het wout was immermeer zo wreed?  
Vertrouwt my't is my nu van gantseher harten leet  
Dat mijn gediensigheid u niet en heeft ontbroken,  
En ik een reden heb tot uwen best gesproken.  
Het rouwt my warelijk, indien gy my gelooft,

[20] Dat ik de Kroon ooit heb bevestigd op u hoofd,  
En, laas! daar van berooft u wel onnoosle Neven,  
Die noch haar zwaar verlies bezueren met haar leven.  
O Hemel . . . .

RICH: Hoog genoeg! ik zeg bedwingt u mond.

BUK: Bedwingt u boze hand.

RICH: Ik zweer.

BUK: Ik spreek goet ront.

RICH: Ik straf u moed wel haast.

BUK: Ik vrees niet voor u plagen,  
Gaat gy in boosheyd voort.

mand the truth from the king, [10] neither need he hide the purpose of the deed from me. You are plotting against the lives of your nephews, are you not?

RICHARD: Why do you ask, since you have visible proof of it?

BUK: I ask, what I already know, about England's corruption; but you, with malice aforethought, put to death your own blood. What tiger in the forest was ever so cruel? Believe me, I am now sorry with all my heart that I ever served you, and that I have said a single word in your interest. I regret heartily, if you can believe me, [20] that I ever established the crown on your head; and alas! that I ever robbed your very innocent nephews of it, who must besides pay for their grievous loss with their lives. Oh Heaven. . . .

RICH: That's loud enough! I say control your speech.

BUK: Control your evil hand.

RICH: I swear.

BUK: I speak very plainly.

RICH: I shall soon punish your presumption.

BUK: I am not afraid of your injuring me even though you do continue in your evil courses.

- RICH: Gy zult het u beklagen.
- BUK: En gy de snoode daad, die u bedrog bedacht.
- RICH: Denkt wie gy zijt, gy staat in Koninklijke macht.
- BUK: Denkt wie gy zijt, gy zult den Hemel reden geven.
- [30] RICH: Waar van?
- BUK: Maar van de dood van u onnoosle Neven.  
Ik ga terstont het werk beletten, hoe't ook gaat.
- RICH: Ik zeg u blijft.
- BUK: 'k En zal.
- RICH: Ik zeg u't is te laat.
- BUK: O goddelooze dwang! ô dwing'land! ô verrader!
- RICH: 'k Bezweer u dat gy zwijgt, enraakt mijn eer niet nader.
- BUK: Gy raakt my al te na aan't hart en aan't gemoed;  
Zult gy u varsche Kroon bezoedelen met bloed?  
Gy stapt naau op den Troon, door mijne dienst gepannen,  
En draagt u daadlijk na de wijze der Tyrannen.  
Den Hemel zy mijn tuig, 'ken duld'het nimmermeer,
- [40] Verloochent gy u Bloed, 'k verlooechen u als Heer.
- RICH: Verloochent wat gy wilt; maar boven alle dingen,
- RICH: You shall regret it.
- BUK: And you the wicked deed which your deceit planned.
- RICH: Think who you are; you are in the power of a king.
- BUK: Think who you are, you shall render an account to Heaven.
- [30] RICH: For what?
- BUK: Why, for the death of your innocent nephews. I go straightway to prevent the deed, however it is being accomplished.
- RICH: I command you to stay.
- BUK: I shall go in any case.
- RICH: I tell you it is too late.
- BUK: Oh godless oppression. Oh tyrant! Oh traitor!
- RICH: I adjure you to keep still, and come no closer to my honor.
- BUK: You come all too close to my heart and feelings. Shall you defile your new crown with blood. You had hardly mounted the throne, aided by my service, than you acted immediately as all tyrants do. Heaven be my witness, I will endure no more. [40] If you disown your own blood, I shall forswear you as my lord.
- RICH: Forswear what you will; but above all things, I advise

Ik raade u Hartog, wilt u stoute tong bedwingen,  
 Houd by u't geene gy of weet of niet en weet,  
 Of by mijn Kroon, het zal u eeuwig wezen leet:  
 En stemt gy niet met my, en staat my ook niet tegen,  
 Houd u daar buiten daar u niet is aan gelegen,  
 U overmoed zou haast gestraft zijn en beloont;  
 Doch my gedenkt de dienst die gy my hebt betoont.  
 Ik zeg noch eens, gy droegt den loon van u vermeeten,  
 [50] Was my u deugt zo wel als u dijn plicht vergeten.

## BUCKINGHAM. DIGTON.

BUK: Gerechten Hemel, die de eeuw'ge vierschaar spant,  
 Die alle dink bestiert, beheerscht door uwe hand,  
 Die alles dwingen kunt door eindeloos vermogen,  
 Kunt gy zo grooten quaat beschouwen met u oogen?  
 Is't mooglijk dat gy zulks geduldiglijk aanziet,  
 En straft gy dat door u gestrengen blixem niet?  
 O Koning Eduard! ô! mocht het eenmaal wezen,  
 Dat voor een korten tijd gy waard uit't graf gerezen,

you, my lord, to control your bold tongue. Keep to yourself the things you either know or do not know, or by my crown, it shall prove an everlasting harm to you. And if you do not agree with me, yet do not oppose me. Hold yourself aloof from that which does not concern you. Your rashness should be straightway punished and rewarded; but I remember the service which you have rendered me. I say yet again, you would receive the penalty for your presumption, [50] if I had forgotten your virtue as completely as you have forgotten your duty.

## ACT IV. Scene 3.

## BUCKINGHAM. DIGTON.

BUK: Just Heaven, Thou who dost occupy the everlasting seat of doom, who guidest all things, Thou who rulest by Thy hand, who canst compel everything thro' boundless power, couldst Thou behold so great evil with Thine eyes? Is it possible that Thou beholdest such a thing patiently and dost not punish with Thy tremendous lightning? Oh King Edward! oh that it might once be that for a short time you were risen from the grave; that you might

- Dat gy maar voor een wijl betreden mocht de aard,  
 [10] En dan verzaad van leet weêr keeren beddewaart;  
 Hoe bitter zoud 'gy hem in't schaamt'loos aanzicht  
 smijten  
 Zijn euvelheden, en zijn schulden hem verwijten,  
 Met strenge woorden, ja met handen grypen an  
 Den onverzadigen bloeddorstigen Tyran.  
 Ach! hier beken ik, en den Heer wil met my dulden,  
 Hoewel het is te laat, mijn misdaad e mijn schulden;  
 Hier ken ik, ach! voor u alleen die alles weet,  
 O hoogen Hemel! mijne zonden dien ik deed',  
 Wanneer ik poogde, och! dat gy het mocht gehengen,  
 [20] De Kroon van't wettig op't onwettig hoofd te brengen.  
 Waar meed' verschoon ik, laas! die zware slag, en hoe?  
 De band van vriendschap, ach! is veel te zwak daar  
 toe;  
 De zorg van't Vaderland? die zou my heeten liegen,  
 Mijn plich en eed? eilaas! ik zou mijn zelf bedriegen.  
 O wonderlyk bestier! Maar zacht, wie zien ik daar?  
 't Is van de moorders een, ik merk't aan zijn gebaar.  
 DIRT: Ho Tyrel! wel waar of hy nu zich heeft versteken?  
 BUK: Wel; wat zou Tyrel doen?

for a time tread the earth, [10] and then, overwhelmed with grief return again to your bed. How bitterly would you smite him in his shameless face and reproach him for his evil deeds and his guilt with severe words, yes, seize with your hands, the insatiate, blood-thirsty tyrant. Ah here I confess, and the Lord will bear with me, even though it is too late, my misdeeds and my guilt: here I acknowledge before Thee alone, O lofty Heaven, who knowest everything, my sins which I committed when I endeavored, oh that Thou couldst suffer it! [20] to transfer the crown from the legitimate to the illegitimate head. In what way can I excuse the heavy injury and how? Alas, the bond of friendship is much too weak for that purpose. Anxiety for the Fatherland? Would that make me recreant to my duty and to my oath? Alas! I should deceive myself. Oh, wonderful has been my course of action! But soft, whom do I see there? It is one of the murderers; I see it in his bearing.

DIRT: Ho Tyrel! Where can he have hidden himself now?

BUCK: Well, what do you want of Tyrel?



DIGT: Ik moest hem daad'lijk spreken.

BUK: 'k Moet weten hoe't 'er staat. gy schelm, kom, zegt my strak,

[30] Wat hebt gy daar gedaan in't Princeeljk gemak?

DIGT: In's Princeen kamer? ja . . . ik weet. ik zal't u zeggen.

BUK: Spreek, of ik zal dit staal u over d'ooren leggen.

DIGT: Ja, ja, ik weet. de Prins, de Prins, had my belast . . .

BUK: Wat Prins?

DIGT: Prins Robbert.

BUK: He! gy botten hangebast.

DIGT: Neen, Edmund meen ik, 'k meen Prins Eduard, gants lyden!

BUK: Wat had hy u belast?

DIGT: Zijn paerden te beryden.

BUK: Wanneer?

DIGT: Terstont.

BUK: En dat in't diepste van de nacht?

DIGT: Ja dat is waar, ik had daar op niet eens gedacht.

BUK: Waar warenze?

DIGT: I must speak to him at once.

BUK: I must know how affairs stand, you rogue. Come tell me straightway [30] what have you been doing there in the Prince's chamber?

DIGT: In the Prince's chamber? Yes, I know. I shall tell you.

BUK: Speak or I shall lay this steel about your ears.

DIGT: Yes, yes, I know. The Prince, the Prince had charged me . . . . .

BUK: What prince?

DIGT: Prince Robert.

BUK: What, you dull gallows-bird!

DIGT: No, I mean Edmund; I mean Prince Edward, (I am getting involved).

BUK: Had charged you to do what?

DIGT: To ride his horses.

BUK: When?

DIGT: Immediately.

BUK: In the dead of night?

DIGT: Yes, that is so, I had not thought of that at all.

BUK: Where were they?

- DIGT: Op het bed daar's hebben op gelegen.  
 BUK: Waar zijnze nu dan?  
 DIGT: Dat's een vraag!  
 BUK: Geen ommewegen,  
 [40] Waar zijnze nu?  
 DIGT: Dat's vreemt.  
 BUK: Gy onbeschofte beest!  
 Zeg op, waar zijnze nu?  
 DIGT: Wel daarze zijn geweest.  
 BUK: Zijn, daarze zijn geweest! Hoe kan dat t'zamen  
 kleven?  
 'k Doorstoot u.  
 DIGT: Och! genâ. hy heeft my last gegeven.  
 BUK: Wie?  
 DIGT: Tyrel.  
 BUK: Wat te doen?  
 DIGT: Om wat te doen....  
 BUK: Zeg op,  
 En spreek gy niet, ik breek u dadelijk den kop.  
 [50] DIGT: Och! ik en weet het niet.
- DIGT: On the bed where they had gone to sleep.  
 [40] BUCK: Where are they now?  
 DIGT: That's a question.  
 BUCK: No evasion. Where are they now?  
 DIGT: That's a question.  
 BUCK: No concealment, where are they now?  
 DIGT: That's strange.  
 BUCK: You insolent beast, tell me, where are they now?  
 DIGT: Just where they have been.  
 BUCK: Are, where they have been? What sense is there in  
 that? I'll run you through.  
 DIGT: Oh, mercy! he gave me a mandate.  
 BUCK: Who?  
 DIGT: Tyrel.  
 BUCK: To do what?  
 DIGT: To do what....  
 BUCK: Speak out. And if you don't tell me, I'll straightway  
 break your head.  
 [50] DIGT: Oh, I don't know.

BUK: Hoe kan ik dit verdragen?  
 DIGT: Ik heb niet zonder last de hand aan haar geslagen.  
 BUK: Aan wie?  
 DIGT: Aan Eduard, en Richard, van de nacht.  
 BUK: Wat hebt gy haar geleert?  
 DIGT: Wat.....  
 BUK: Spreek.  
 DIGT: Om hals gebragt.  
 BUK: Vervloekt gedrogt, hoe kan ik u gezigt gedogen?  
 Vertrekt van hier, en pakt u daad'lijk uit mijn oogen.  
 Ach! laas! 't is al te waar, het schelmstuk is gedaan,  
 Ik zeg de Koningin dees droeve boodsehap aan.

## KONING RICHARD. TYREL.

RICH: 't Is dan volvoert, de last voldaan dien ik u gaf?  
 Haar bed' is eind'lijk haar geworden tot een graf:  
 Met kussens, zegt gy, deed' gy haar het leven korten?  
 Dat's pryszelijk, so hoeft gy geenig bloed te storten;

BUCK: How can I bear this?

DIGT: I have not laid hands on them without an order.

BUCK: On whom?

DIGT: On Edward and Richard this night.

BUCK: What did you do to them here?

DIGT: What ....

BUCK: Speak.

DIGT: Put them to death.

BUCK: Cursed monster, how can I endure the sight of you.  
 Depart from here, and go forthwith out of my sight. Oh, alas!  
 It is all too true; the rascally deed has been done. I shall announce this sad news to the queen.

## ACT IV. Scene 4.

## KING RICHARD, TYREL.

RICH: So then it has been accomplished, the order which I gave you has been carried out? Their bed has finally become their grave. With pillows, you say, you put an end to their lives? That's excellent! Thus you did not have to spill any blood. Friend Tyrel, you have accomplished what duty commanded you.

Vriend Tyrel, gy voldoet het geen u plicht bestaat,  
 Voor my, geen tijd doet my vergeten deze daad;  
 Mijn zorg is weg, hier meê zijn mijn bekommelingen,  
 Ten enden, en't verloop gestut van mijne dingen.  
 Nu zal ik eerst mijn Troon met rust en vreê betreên.

[10] Nu, maar waar liet gy haar verstikte doode leên?

TYR: Die zijn hier dichte by in stilte in d'aard gesteken,  
 En't graf met steen bedekt, om niet weêr op te breken.

RICH: 't Is wel gedaan, ik zal u loonen, gaat nu heen  
 Daar 't u gelieft, en laat my hier noch wat alleen.  
 Hoe dier, ô eerzucht! ô verleidend' hartenroover!  
 Laat gy het zoet geluk u troetelkind'ren over,  
 Hoe hoog komt menig mensch zijn hartenwil te staan?  
 Vervoerde lust tot staat, wat recht gy niet al aan?  
 Als zulk een heete brand bestaat in ons te glimmen,

[20] Wat rotz is ons te hoog met handen te beklimmen?

Is't zo dat menig koopt de mogentheid en staat,  
 Ik hadze liever met wat minder euveldaat.  
 Nu heb ik't weg, 't is waar, daar't hart na scheen te  
 branden,  
 Nu diende my wel staag den deegen in de handen,  
 Hier, om te straffen list en lagen tegens my,

As for me, no passage of time will cause me to forget this deed. My anxiety has disappeared; herewith my troubles are at an end and the course of my actions has been strengthened. Now for the first time I shall ascend my throne in serenity and peace. [10] Now,—but where did you leave the smothered corpses?

TYR: They are close by, hidden secretly in the earth, and the grave covered with stones, so that it will not be dug up.

RICH: It has been well done; I shall reward you. Now go hence, wherever it pleases you, and leave me alone here for a little while. How dear art thou, oh ambition! Oh seducer of the heart! Reserve thy sweet happiness for thy favorite children. How much does it cost many a man to gain the desire of his heart? Rapturous desire for power, what dost thou not perform? When we allow such a hot brand to glow in us, [20] what rock is too high for us to climb with our hands? Even though it is thus that many a one buys power and state, I had rather have done it with less crime. Now I have set out on the way, it is true, for which my heart seems to burn. Now it is true that the sword in my hand

Daar, punt te toonen aan verraad en muitery,  
 Gintz, open vyanden in 't veld het hoeft te bieden,  
 Dan weg te strommelen gevarelijke lieden,  
 Ja vriend, ja Broeder, ja het geen my zelve grout,  
 [30] U eigen kinderen die dienen wel mistrouwt,  
 U eigen schaduw zou u vreezen doen en schroomen,  
 Indienze by geval u wat te na mocht komen.  
 O rustelooze rust! ô doodelyk vermaak!  
 O honigzoet vergif voor een bedorven smaak!  
 U lekkernyen doen ons monden watertanden,  
 Maar uwen angel die doorboort ons ingewanden.

KONINGIN. BUKKINGHAM. KAMENIER.

KON: Was't dat niet 't geen mijn hart te vooren scheen te spellen?

Was't niet dat onheil 't geen mijn rampen moest verzellen?

Gaat voort, ô ongeval! dewyl gy immer moet,  
 Op zulk een wijs brengt my mijn jammer onder voet:  
 Ik hat dien uitval u wel zelve willen toonen;

has served me steadily,—here, to punish deceit and snares against me,—there, to show a sharp point to treachery and mutiny,—yonder to offer resistance to open enemies in the field, then to make way with dangerous persons. Even a friend. even a brother, yes, a fact which makes me shudder, one's own children must be mistrusted. One's own shadow should make one fear and be terrified, when it by chance comes somewhat too near. Oh restless rest! Oh mortal amusement! Oh honey-sweet poison for a perverted taste. Your dainties make our mouths water, but your hook penetrates our vitals.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

QUEEN, BUCKINGHAM, CHAMBERLAIN.

QUEEN: Was it not that which my heart long ago seemed to forebode? Was it not that misfortune which must accompany my calamity? Advance, Oh misfortune! because such is your inevitable way. In such a manner my grief subdues me; I should have liked to have pointed out to you this attack myself. No kings are

Men spaart gegen Koningen na't rooven van haar  
kroonen.

Nu dank ik uwe hand, die't werk heeft uitgewrogt,  
En uwe mond, die my de bitt're tyding brogt.

Maakt gy u handel goet voor die gy reën moet geven,

[10] Ik kan geen droefheid noch geen quelling meer be-  
leven;

't Is nu zo var dat ik het grootste onheil tart,  
'k Ben niet gewapent, maar ik bender in verhart,  
Die vreeze kost my meer als zelf het onluk schenden;  
Nu heeft het weg, en dus is alle vrees ten enden;  
Al wat nu voorder my voor smart bejeeg'nen zal,  
Kan maar verminderen mijn eind'loos ongeval.

Nu wacht ik maar, indien 't een Christen past te  
spreken,

Wat ramp, op diese doet, mijn droeve ramp zal  
wreken,

En zo den Hemel my dat welgevallen gaf,

[20] How wel gerust zoude ik dan dalen in het graf.

BUK: Wat my belangt, Mevrouw, 'k en kan u druk ver-  
zoeten,

Maar werp om mijnent wil my neder voor u voeten,  
Die't hart met treuren en met leedzijn draag vervult;

spared after their crown has been stolen. Now I thank your hand which has done this work, and your mouth which has brought me the bitter tidings. Justify your act to those to whom you must give reason. [10] I cannot live through any more vexations or sorrows. It has gone so far that I defy the greatest misfortune. I am not armed against it, but I am hardened to it. Fear could harm me more than misfortune itself. Now it has come upon me and thus is all fear at an end. Every sort of pain that shall further befall me can but lessen my endless misfortune. Now I am just waiting to see, if a Christian may say so, what calamity, my sad calamity will bring down upon the person who has accomplished it; and if Heaven would but grant me that pleasure, [20] with how much composure, should I then descend into the grave.

BUK: As far as I am concerned, my Lady, I can lighten your distress, but for my sake, I cast myself down at your feet,—I whose heart is burdened with sorrow and heaviness. Here now no

Hier helpt nu geen verschoon, 'k beken het is mijn schult,

Niet hy, maar ik, al schoon ik 't ernstig zegt te hind'ren,

Ben beul en moordenaar van u geminde kind'ren.

Ik bid geenzins dat men die vuile daat verschoon,

Zulk een barmhartigheid is misdaat ongewoon;

Maar straft my door u hand, dat's't slot van mijn begeeren,

[30] Zo hoeft gy uwe wraak geen oogenblik t'ontbeeren.  
 Ontfangt dit staal, en stoot my moedig door het hart,  
 Ziet my niet aan, kunt gy vermind'ren uwe smart,  
 Die stoot zal u gewis gerechte tooren boeten,  
 En my mijn zwaar berouw verlichten en verzoeten.  
 Ach! neemt het aan.

KON: Staat op, en gaat uit mijn gezicht.

BUK: 'k En zal.

KON: Ik zeg u, gaat.

BUK: Voldoet dan eerst u plicht.

KON: Dan moest ik uwe schult vergeten en vergeven.

BUK: Alzulk een weldaat wil ik koopen met mijn leven.

KON: Is't weldaat meer het geen den mensch zo dier bekoopt?

excuse is of any avail. I admit that the fault is mine. Not he, but I, however earnestly I sought to prevent the deed, am the executioner and murderer of your dear children. I do not ask at all that the vile deed be excused; such compassion toward crime is unusual; but punish me by your hand, that is the end of my desire. [30] So you need not postpone your revenge a single moment. Take this sword and boldly pierce me through the heart. Do not consider me if you can assuage your grief. This thrust shall certainly expiate your righteous anger and lighten and sweeten my heavy repentance. Oh, take it!

QUEEN: Rise and go from my sight.

BUCK: I shall.

QUEEN: I tell you to go.

BUCK: Then first do all your duty.

QUEEN: Then I must forget and forgive your crime.

BUCK: I will buy such a favor with my life.

QUEEN: Is that still a favor which man buys so dear?

[40] BUK: Staat my dan noch op u genâ te hoopen?

KON: Hoopt

Op beet'ring van u schult.

BUK: Ach! kost ik met mijn sterven  
Vergiffenis van zulk een zware daat verweren.  
Princes, indien ik noch genaâ verhoopen mag,  
Geeft my't geluk door u te zien mijn sterrefdag.  
Meer vreugt zal my mijn eind door uwe handen geven,  
Als langer den Tyran zijn boosheid te beleven.

KON: Merkt nu hoe dat men dik zijn eigen val bebout,  
Hoe dikmaal dat men werkt met ernst't geen ons be-  
rout,

En had dat leetzijn u wat vroeger ingenomen,  
[50] 't Was 't Koninkrijk en my al ruim zo wel bekomen.  
Maar verre zy van my dat u benaaut gezucht,  
U hartzeer en verdriet, voorby ga zonder vrucht,  
Dat ik't gemoed, daar reeds de zonde is uitgeweeken,  
Zou laten deugdelijk te voeden en te queeken;  
'k Vergeef u schult, zo veel my te vergeven staat,  
Maar evenwel geniet tot straf van uwe daad,  
Doch buiten lust tot wraak, dat moet gy my vertrou-  
wen,

[40] BUCK: Can I then still hope for your favour?

QUEEN: Hope for amelioration of your guilt.

BUCK: Oh, that I might obtain forgiveness for such a heavy mis-  
deed through my death! Princess, if I may still hope for your  
pardon, grant me the good fortune to behold the hour of my death  
by your hand, rather than to live to see any longer the tyrant's  
iniquity.

QUEEN: Mark now how often men accomplish their own ruin,  
how frequently we work with earnestness for something of which  
we repent. Mark if that grief had possessed you somewhat sooner,  
[50] it would have been fully as well for me and the king-  
dom. But far be it from me that your oppressive sighing, your  
soreness of heart and your grief, should pass fruitlessly; that I  
should fail to feed and to nourish properly that soul from which  
sin has already been exiled. I forgive your crime as much as is  
in my power to forgive, but, however, suffer as punishment for your  
deed—I speak without the desire for revenge—in that you must



Het leet te dragen dat g'u zelve hebt gebrouwen,  
Verdraagt het zwaarste 't geen den mensch verdragen  
kan,

[60] d'Hovaardigheid van een ondankbaren Tyran.

BUK: 't Zy var van my, dat ik zou dulden, zonder grouwen,  
Dat yslijk monsterdier met oogen te beschouwen,  
Ik heb alreets, en neem van mijne wil verlof,  
Mijn treur'ge eenzaamheid te wis'len voor het Hof:  
Veel aangenamer zal't my wezen zo te leven,  
Als 't oog aan den Tyran zijn schelmery te geven.

KAM: Mevrouw, den Konink . . . .

KON: Hoe?

KAM: Den Konink Richart kooft,

BUK: 't Is tijd dan dat ik sehey, niet dat ik ben beschroomt,  
Voor zinj gewelt, of hoef my voor hem te vertzagen,

[70] Maar 't oog en kan voortaan dat schrikdier niet ver-  
dragen.

Mevrouw, vaart wel, ik laat van nu voortaan het Hof,  
Ik kus voor eeuwig uwe handen, met vorlof.

trust me—endurance of the grief which you have brewed for your-  
self. Endure the heaviest thing that man can endure, [60] the  
haughtiness of an ungrateful tyrant.

BUK: It is far from my desire, that I should endure, without  
complaining, the sight of that dreadful monster. I have already  
leave,—my desire grants me permission—to substitute for life at  
the court an existence of pensive loneliness. It will be much pleas-  
anter for me to live thus, than to behold the roguery of the tyrant.

CHAMBERLAIN: My Lady, the King . . .

QUEEN: What?

CHAMBERLAIN: King Richard comes.

BUK: It is time then for me to depart; not that I quail be-  
fore his power, or need to be afraid of him, [70] but my eyes  
from now on cannot endure the sight of that brute. Lady, farewell,  
I leave the Court now, never to return. I bid you farewell forever.  
By your leave.

KONINK RICHARD. KONINGINNE. PRINCES ELIZABETH.

Vorstin, dewijl gy vreest om voor my te verschijnen,  
Koom ik u zelve hier vertroosten in u quijnen.  
Mishaagt u noch de last van 't eenzaam leven niet?  
Mijn zuster, hebt gy noch al smaak in u verdriet?  
Kan geen vermaak op aard u treurigheid bekooren?

KONG: Zo lang de ziekte groeit is alle hulp verlooren:  
Ik dacht dat my de tijd een eind van kommer gaf,  
Maar, laas! mijn druk neemt aan, en mijne rust neemt  
af.

RICH: Als 't quaad is hoog genoeg, zo moet het eindelijk dalen.  
[10] Wat is het dat u smart? wat drukken u voor qualen?

KONIN: Vergeefs vraagt gy my, daar de oorzaak is omtrent:  
Mijn Heer en is alleen geen vreemd'ling.

RICH: Ik beken 't,  
Ik weet ten deelen door wat leet gy word gedreven,  
U smart u groot verlies, 't onterven van mijn Neven.  
U smart het, maar ik voel daar van de meeste smart,  
En zo gy 't niet gelooft, zo vraagt het aan mijn hart.

ACT IV. Scene 6.

KING RICHARD, QUEEN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

RICH: Princess, since you fear to appear before me, I have come here to comfort your very self in your pining. Are you not yet displeased with the burden of your lonely life? My sister, do you still take delight in your grief? Can no power on earth charm your sorrow away?

QUEEN: The sickness is of so long growth that all help is vain. I thought time would put an end to grief but alas! my distress increases and my peace of mind decreases.

RICH: If the evil mounts high enough, it must finally descend.  
[10] What is it that grieves you, what sort of distress afflicts you?

QUEEN: You ask me in vain, where the reason is obvious; my lord himself is no stranger to it.

RICH: I admit it. I know partly by what grief you were driven, the pain for your great loss,—the disinheriting of my nephews. It pains you, but I feel therefrom the greatest pain. If you do not believe it, ask my heart.

KON: Ha, ha!

RICH: Gy lacht, en dus betoont gy misvertrouwen,  
My laat daaromme niet u jammer te berouwen,  
U shade, die zo wel aan my als u verdriet,

[20] Aan uwe kinderen en is geen leed geschiet.

KON: Hoe qualijk kan de schult zijn misdaat ook ontvienen!

RICH: Wat zeit Mevrouw?

KON: Mijn Heer ik spreek met mijn gepeinzen.

RICH: Wel aan, 't is waar, 'k bezit als nu dit Koninkrijk,  
En ik beken hier in gescheit u ongelijk,  
Het erfdeel had die staat u huis en stam gegeven:  
Maar zegt, wie kan het volk haar wille wederstreven?  
Ik stond, uit kracht van dwang, haar welgevallen toe,  
En d'Hemel is mijn tuig hoe noode dat ik't doe.  
Hier staan ik nu bereid (ja kniel voor uwe voeten)

[30] Door alle middelen u zwaarigheid te boeten;

Mijn ware liefde zal verzoeten alle schult,  
U tranen droogen af, Mevrouw, hebt maar gedult.  
Voor zuster, welke naam ik heden wil vergeten,  
Zult gy van nu voortaan mijn waarde moeder heeten:  
En is de Kroon door't volk van u op my gebracht,  
Ik zalze wederom vereeren u geslacht,

QUEEN: Ha, ha!

RICH: You laugh and thus show your distrust, yet I do not cease for that reason to regret your sorrow,—your loss which grieves me as well as you. [20] No harm has happened to your children.

QUEEN: How hard it is for guilt to conceal its crime!

RICH: What does my Lady say?

QUEEN: My Lord, I but meditated aloud.

RICH: Well, it is true that I possess at this moment your kingdom, and I admit, in this respect wrong has been done you. Hereditary right had given the rule to your house and family: but pray, who can oppose the will of the people? I submitted to their pleasure through the power of compulsion, and Heaven is my judge, how reluctantly I do it. Here I stand now, nay I kneel at your feet, [30] ready in every way to assuage your grief. My true love shall sweeten all my guilt; dry your tears, Lady, only have more patience, instead of sister—a name which I will this day forget—my mother shall you henceforth be called. What if the people have transferred the crown from you to me? I shall bestow it in honor upon

U Stamme zal met my dit mogent Rijk beheeren,  
 In dien gy stemmen wilt hier in met mijn begeeren :  
 Geeft my Elizabeth, u Dochter, hier ten Echt,

[40] En schreumt niet of het bloed daar ietwes tegen zegt,  
 Te vaster zal de knoop van dubb'le maagschap wezen,  
 En liefde, te gelijk uit stam en keur gerezen.

KON: Al zwijg ik't naau verbond van vriendseap en van  
 bloed,

Zo is noch evenwel de eer die gy ons doet  
 Te groot voor hen, die zulks op't hondertst' en ver-  
 dienden,

En u verachtelijk met zulke te bevrienden,  
 Die't wederspannig lot aldus de rugge bied,  
 En acht u waardigheid, mijn Heer, dus weinig niet,  
 Eeen mogender zal u die eere wel vergonnen,

[50] En die met meerder macht u stoel zal stutten konnen :  
 Wat ons belangt, men heeft tot geen verhooging lust,  
 En zoeken tot ons rust, alleen vergeeten rust.

RICH: Mevrouw die schempt, en dit, en meer zy u vergeven,  
 Noch blijf ik by het geen ik eerst heb aangeheven,  
 'k Verzoeke wederom het geen ik heb verzocht,

your heirs. Your race shall rule your powerful kingdom with me, if you will but consent to my desire. Give me your daughter, Elizabeth, to wife, [40] and fear not if nearness of relationship speaks against this marriage. Firmer shall be the bond because of the double relationship and of the love, derived both from kinship and from choice.

QUEEN: Even if I pass over in silence the bond of friendship and of blood, yet is the honor which you do us too great even for those who deserve it a hundred times more; and for you, it is degrading to ally yourself with such as we have become. Upon us Fate obstinately turns his back. Do not respect your worth so little, my Lord. A mightier woman shall grant you this honor, [50] one who will be able to give your throne more powerful support. For our part, we have no desire for this elevation and seek for ourselves only the peace of oblivion.

RICH: You mock me, lady, but this and even more shall be forgiven you. I still hold to that offer which I first made, I ask again what I have already asked,—through bonds of marriage to be more closely joined to you. And do not you, O Princess, since you will

Door band van echt te meer te zijn aan u verknocht,  
En wilt u zelf, dewijl gy't zult genieten kunnen,  
Zo treftigen geluk, Princesse, niet misgunnen.  
Wat is u antwoord?

KONING: 't Geen ik eerstmaal heb gezeid.

[60] RICH: Dat's niet, en met een woord alleenig wederleid,  
Laat slechts u wille mijn begeert niet wederstreven.

KONING: Wat vraagt gy my? als die geen toestant heb te  
geven.

RICH: U moederlijk gebied, hier in, verzekert mijn.

KONING: Die gene kinders heeft, hoe kan die moeder zijn?  
Ei my!

RICH: Wat zégt Mevrouw? en waar toe dit verzuchten?

KONING: Mits mijn gebied is uit, doet my haar onwil duchen.  
ten.

RICH: Geen vrees, ik wil haar zelf derhalven spreken aan.

KONING: U moeiten is vergeefs, daarom laat 't vrylijk staan.

RICH: Geenzins, men doet haar straks verschijnen.

KONING: Macht niet lyen.

[70] Haar hart vol droefheid kan nu luist'ren na geen  
vryen.

RICH: Al meê vol droefheid? 't hart al mede vol getreur?

be able to enjoy it, begrudge yourself such striking good fortune.  
What is your answer?

QUEEN: The one which I gave at first.

[60] RICH: That's naught and is refuted in a single word. Do  
not permit yourself to thwart my desire.

QUEEN: Why do you ask of me what I am in no position to give?

RICH: Your maternal authority in the matter reassures me.

QUEEN: How can she who has no children be a mother? Ah  
me!

RICH: What says my lady? And why that sigh?

QUEEN: Since my authority is gone, I am afraid of her unwill-  
ingness.

RICH: Do not fear, I will speak to her myself on this subject.

QUEEN: Your effort will be in vain; therefore do not make it.

RICH: By no means, but order her to appear here at once.

QUEEN: I cannot endure it. [70] Her heart full of gloom can-  
not listen now to any wooing.

RICH: Also full of gloom? Is your heart also full of grief?

Gewis, dit zuffen sluit voor u geluk de deur.  
Princes, zift wellemek. ha! welbevallijk wezen.

ELIZ: Gebied Mevrouw?

RICH: Neen, ik verzoek mijn uitgelezen

U byzijn, schoonste kind daar 't aardryk roem op draagt,

U Oom verzoekt aan u, indient het u behaagt,  
Dat gy u rechterhand hem gunt ten eeht, door ditte  
Zult gy benefens hem u Vaders stoel bezitten;  
Verwerpt u luk doch niet. sta stil, en antwoord mijn.

[80] Wat voor gelaat, en wat voor schijn is dit?

ELIZ: Geen schijn,

Maar voor een vuile daad, en waardig om te grouwen,  
Een wezentlijke sehrik, daar moogt gy 't vry voor  
houwen.

Oom wat is dit? indien u slechts die naam betaamt,  
(Voor my, 'ken weet niet hoe gy hoort te zijn  
genaamt)

Zoekt gy noeh meerder blaam onze afkomst aan te  
wryven,

En mag het noeh niet by u schelmeryen blyven?

Ik geven u de hand? ik geven u mijn trouw?

Ik zijn u Koningin? ik zijn u echte vrouw?

Surely, that brooding shuts the door upon your happiness. Welcome, princess. Ah, lovely creature!

ELIZ: Did my Lady command?

RICH: No, I seek your presence of my own accord. Most beautiful child in which the earth takes pride, your uncle prays you, if it please you, that you grant him your right hand in marriage. In this manner, you shall possess together with him your father's throne. Then cast not aside your good fortune. Stay and answer me. [80] What kind of an expression and what pretence is this?

ELIZ: No pretence at all; but real terror at your vile deed, one worthy to arouse horror. You must regard it as that. What does this mean, uncle, if this name can really be applied to you? For my part, I do not know what to call you. Do you still seek to cast more reflections upon our birth? Can you not yet be satisfied with your villainy? I give you my hand? I plight you my troth? I be your queen? I be your wedded wife? In sooth you are mad, that you must surely know. [90] Your evil deeds we

Voorwaar gy zijt verdoolt, dat moogt gy vrylijk weten,

[90] U booze stukken zijn ons zo noch niet vergeten.  
Indien mijn woorden u wat raken aan het hart,  
Denkt dat gy hoort een kind van Koning Eduard  
Vrouw Moeder, wat is dit?

KONING: Mijn Dochter, veinst.

ELIZ: Ik veinzen!

Voor geen en moordenaar, dat hoeft gy niet te peinzen,  
Die Vaders bloed en 't ons, ô zond'! gedronken heeft,  
Doch, noch niet uitgeput, zo lang 'er iemand leeft.  
Ik geven u de hand? ja geeft my staal in d' handen,  
Ik zal doorwroeten u vervloekte ingewanden,  
Ik zal.

KONING: Bedaart.

ELIZ: 'k En kan.

KONING: Geeft doch de reën gehoor.

ELIZ: [100] O Hemel! staat gy ook zo grooten boosheid voor?  
Zijt gy het met hem eens? wat moet ik zien en hooren?  
Zo heb ik, leider! u maar al te vroeg verlooren,  
Zo mag ik zoeken en bevragen, ja gewis,  
Waar dat u Moeders hart dan heen geweken is;

have not yet forgotten in this fashion. If my words can in some degree touch your heart, think that you hear a child of King Edward. Lady mother, what do you say?

QUEEN: Dissemble, my daughter.

ELIZ: I dissemble! For no murderer,—you need not expect that,—who has drunk—Oh sin that it is!—his father's blood and ours too,—yet blood not exhausted as long as any one of the family lives. I give you my hand? Yes, put a sword into my hand. I shall pierce<sup>1</sup> your cursed entralls, I shall.

QUEEN: Be still.

ELIZ: If I can.

QUEEN: Give heed to his speech.

ELIZ: [100] Oh Heaven! Do you defend so great an evil? Are you at one with him in this? What must I see and hear? So have I alas! lost you all too soon. So must I seek and ask, forsooth, whither has fled your mother's heart. Can you forget your childrer

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "root around in."

Kunt gy u kinderen zoo lichtelijk vergeten?  
 Vergeef het my Mevrouw, gy kunt geen Moeder  
 heeten.

Wat onbeschaamtheid, wat voor roekeloosheid, gy  
 Die ons bekladden durft met blaam van Bastardy?  
 Die zelf u Broeders zaat zo schandig kunt verzaken,  
 [110] Koomt hier met u bedrog u handel goed te maken:  
 Mijn oogen dulden niet u aanschijn, kost 't geschiên  
 Ik zagze liever blint, als langer u te zien,  
 Veel minder zoud' ik dat zoo groot verlies beklagen,  
 Als zulk een monsterdier noch langer te verdragen.  
 'k Vertrek, maar by zo ver het op een wreken gaat,  
 Wacht van een Dochter vry een mannelijke daat.

RICH: Slaap ik! of droom ik! of zijn 't yd'le spokeryen?  
 Verduivelt vrouwenbeelt, wat moet ik van u lyen?  
 Zy gaat, en laat my hier alleenig: schoon beseheit.

[120] Vrouw Zuster!

KONING: 'k Heb het u te vooren wel gezeit,  
 Gy moogt van nu voortaan onnood'ge moeiten  
 sparen,  
 En zulk een waardigheid voor anderen bewaren.  
 Met u verlot, mijn Heer, ik moet vertrekken.

RICH: Gaat,  
 Dat u en u geslacht den boozen hagel slaat.

so easily? Forgive me, lady, but you can be no true mother. What shamelessness, what heartlessness! You, who durst sully us with the stigma of bastardy, who could so shamefully abandon your brother's seed, [110] come here with your deceit to justify your deeds. My eyes cannot endure the sight of you. If it might be, I should prefer to be blind to seeing you any longer. Much less should I lament that great loss than suffer from beholding such a monster longer. I go, but in the matter of vengeance, you may surely expect from a daughter the deed of a man.

RICH: Do I sleep or do I dream; or are these idle apparitions? Accursed woman, what must I endure from you? She goes and leaves me here alone. A fine answer! [120] Lady Sister.....

QUEEN: I clearly told you beforehand that from that moment you might spare yourself fruitless effort and reserve such dignity for someone else. By your leave, my Lord, I must go.

RICH: Go, and may the foul Fiend take you and all your race.



## HET VYFDE BEDRYF.

BUCKINGHAM. KONING RICHARD.

BUK: Gaaft gy, ô Koning! last om my te vatten?

RICH: Ja.

BUK: Wat hebt gy daar meê voor?

RICH: Dat ik het zo versta.

BUK: Verstaan het zo met u de rest der Staatgenooten?

RICH: Ik hoef geen rekening te geven aan de Grooten.

BUK: Een wettig Vorst en doet niet zonder goede raad.

RICH: Die heb ik by mijn zelf; dat gy my wel verstaat.

BUK: Wel dikmaal dwaalt den mensch, en zuft in zijn bedenken.

RICH: Zo deed' gy ook, als gy bestont mijn eer te krenken.

BUK: Die hebt gy zelf besmet door u vervloekte daad.

[10] RICH: Hoe heilig is als nu de vinder van 't verraad!

BUK: Die quam u wel te pas in u eergierigheden.

RICH: Daar voor geniet gy loon, na rechten en na reden.

BUK: Wat loon! dat gy my dus in yz're banden slaat?

## THE FIFTH ACT.

BUCKINGHAM, KING RICHARD.

BUK: Did you give orders, O King, for my arrest?

RICH: Yes.

BUK: What do you intend by them?

RICH: I intend to bring it about.

BUK: Do the rest of the councillors of state share your intention?

RICH: I have no account to render to the lords.

BUK: A legitimate prince does not act without good advice.

RICH: Which I find in myself; mark me well.

BUK: How often does a man err and dote in his judgment!

RICH: So did you, too, when you undertook to sully my honor.

BUK: You have smirched yourself by your accursed deed.

[10] RICH: How godly has now become the inventor of the treason!

BUK: Which has turned out well for your ambition.

RICH: For that, you enjoy your reward as is right and reasonable.

BUK: What a reward! thus to be bound by you with iron bands!

- RICH: Men straft verraders wel, al mintmen het verraat.  
 BUCK: Dat zal ik nu, zo't schijnt, met schade moeten leeren.  
 RICH: Leert op een ander trouw te zijn aan uwe Heeren.  
 BUCK: Waaromme braakt gy dan u trouwe desgelijk?  
 RICH: Voor my was wel, maar niet voor u een Koninkrijk.  
 BUCK: Dat's dat u boosheid voor geen oordeel vry kan spreken.
- [20] RICH: De Koninklijke Kroon bedekt zo veel gebreken.  
 BUCK: Ik gaf nooit raad of daad tot zulke moorden.  
 RICH: Hoe!  
 Door u verradery gaaft gy de stof daar toe.  
 BUCK: Gy wist het doen wel heel een and're verf te geven.  
 RICH: Nu isset evenwel verradery gebleven.  
 BUCK: Zo ik verrader ben, wat naam trekt gy u aan?  
 RICH: Gy zijt verrader; ik, om wie gy hebt verraân.  
 BUCK: Om wie men't schelmstuk doet dien is de schult te wijten.  
 RICH: Gy waart noeh eens zo stout mijn fout my te verwijten.
- RICH: Traitors are naturally punished, though the treachery be loved.  
 BUCK: That I must now learn, to my sorrow, so it seems.  
 RICH: Learn another time to be faithful to your master.  
 BUCK: Why, then, did you break your faith in this fashion?  
 RICH: Why! a kingdom was to be mine, but not yours.  
 BUCK: That is to say that your wickedness can be subject to no criticism.
- [20] RICH: The royal crown covers so many sins.  
 BUCK: I never counselled or abbetted such murders.  
 RICH: What! Through your treachery you gave cause for them.  
 BUCK: You well know how to give the action an entirely different color.  
 RICH: It now has remained treachery all the same.  
 BUCK: If I am a traitor, what name do you assume?  
 RICH: You are the traitor; I, he for whom you have practised treason.  
 BUCK: The man for whom a wicked deed is done, his is the guilt.  
 RICH: You were once before so bold as to upbraid me for my fault.

BUK: Zo ben ik heden noch, ziet my daar vry voor aan.

[30] RICH: Ik vrees u heete moed zal kort'ling zijn gedaan.

BUK: Zoud' gy zo snood zijn al mijn weldaad zo te loonen?

RICH: Die zelf geen Neef ontzag, hoe zou die u verschoonen?

BUK: Is't dan geen tijd dat gy u heiloos woeden laat?

RICH: Weet gy niet dat de wraak is nimmermeer verzaad?

BUK: Kan deze Tyranny verdragen u geweten?

RICH: Toen was het Tyranny, nu zal het Rechten heten.

BUK: Vaar voort in overdaad, ten nadeel van het land.

RICH: Wat doen ik, dat ik help verraders aan een kant?

BUK: Den Hemel en zal ook u grouwels niet verdragen.

[40] RICH: Den Hemel! die gy zo hebt in de wint geslagen?

BUK: Ja dezen Hemel, die gy tergt met spot en smaat.

RICH: Ik heb noch tijd daar toe, daar tusschen dag en raad.

BUK: De straf is dikmaal na, al schijntze var te wezen.

RICH: Als ikze niet en vrees, wat hebt gy dan te vreezen?

BUK: Ik vree.

BUK: So am I still today, you are free to regard me as so disposed.

[30] RICH: I fear that your hot courage will be short-lived.

BUK: Would you be so wicked as thus to reward my good deed?

RICH: How should he who did not spare even a nephew, pardon you?

BUK: Is it not then time for you to abandon your godless fury?

RICH: Do you not know that revenge is never satiated?

BUK: Can your conscience endure this tyranny?

RICH: Then, it was tyranny; now, it shall be called justice.

BUK: Continue your excesses to the destruction of the country.

RICH: What do I do, by ridding it of traitors?

BUK: Heaven will not endure your abomination.

[40] RICH: Heaven! whom you have thus flouted.

BUK: Yes, this Heaven whom you provoke with ridicule and insult.

RICH: I have yet time for it, between then and now will come another day and other counsel.

BUK: Punishment is often near, although it seems to be far away.

RICH: If I do not fear it, what have you then to fear?

BUK: I fea.....

RICH: 't Is lang genoeg, 'k en dulde u taal niet meer,  
 Bereit u tot de dood, want by mijn Kroon, ik zweer,  
 'k En wil geen schellemen, als gy, in't land verdragen;  
 Dat hem op staande voet den kop werd afgeslagen,  
 En zo gy't niet en doet, 't u niet wel vergaan.

[50] BUK: O goeden Hemel! ziet doch mijn ellenden aan.

## KONINK RICHARD. SPOOK.

RICH: Wie zijt gy? Hemel! wat veshrikking roert mijn  
 leden?  
 Onnutte vrees. Ik wil wat nader tot hem treden.  
 Wie zijt gy, zeg ik, spreek? dat u den donder sla.  
 Wat is u naam?

SPOOK: Mijn naam is Richard.

RICH: Richard?

SPOOK: Ja.

RICH: Ik schrik en tril van vrees! wat zoekt gy hier?

SPOOK: Mijn zelve.

RICH: Wat angst, ô Hemel! komt my innig 't hart door-  
 delven?

't Gedagt is gantsch ontoert, en gene rust het vind'.

RICH: That is enough, I cannot tolerate further speech from you  
 about it. Prepare yourself for death, for I swear by my crown,  
 I will endure no scoundrel like you in the country. Let his head  
 be struck off at once. And if you do not do it, it will go hard  
 with you.

[50] BUCK: Oh gracious Heaven! behold my wretchedness.

## ACT V. Scene 2.

## KING RICHARD, GHOST.

RICH: Who are you? God! What terror shakes my limbs!  
 Futile fear. I will walk somewhat nearer to him. Who are you,  
 I say? Speak. May a thunder-bolt strike it! What is your name?

GHOST: My name is Richard.

RICH: Richard?

GHOST: Yes.

RICH: I start and quake with fear. What do you seek here?

Daar gaat het heen, en vliet veel liechter als de wint.  
 Wat spook of razerny kooft my hier aan te randen?

[10] VAN BIN: Hou! Richard.

RICH: Wie is daar?

VAN BIN: U dood is voor de handen.

RICH: Ai my! wat stem is dat? wat hoor ik voor gezocht?  
 Ach! laas, het zijn mijn Neefs. wat grouwelijk  
 gerucht!

Wat woest geraas is dat? hoe klappen al de deuren!  
 Wat dondert my aan't oor? de gront schijnt zich te  
 beuren

Al drijvende om hoog, wat zweeft daar om my heen?  
 Wie roept daar wraak? ai my! wat jammerlijk ges-  
 teen!

Wie komt daar op my aan? wie roert my aan de leden?  
 Wat zweeven om my heen al nare grouw'lijkheden?  
 't Is of de Hel zijn mond en kaken open doet,

[20] De aarde beeft en loeit my onder mijne voet.

Waar blijf ik, ach! waar zal ik my van angst ver-  
 bergen?

De Hel is uit om my tot razens toe te tergen.

Mijn volk, ach! hoort gy niet? mijn volk, mijn die-  
 naars, hoort!

GHOST: Myself.

RICH: O God, what anxiety comes to pierce my inmost heart.  
 My mind is utterly distraught, and finds no peace. There, it flees  
 away, much lighter than the wind. What ghost or frenzy comes  
 here to assail me?

[10] VOICE FROM WITHIN: Hold, Richard.

RICH: Who is there?

VOICE: Your death is at hand.

RICH: Ah me! What voice is that? What sighs do I hear?  
 Alas they are my nephews. What horrible noise! What wild up-  
 roar is that? How all the doors bang! What thunders in my  
 ears? The earth seems to heave as though floating aloft. What  
 hovers over me there? Who calls revenge there? Ah me! What  
 wretched lamentation! Who approaches me there? Who touches  
 my limbs? What miserable horrors hover about me? It is as if  
 Hell were opening its mouth and jaws. [20] The earth trembles  
 and roars beneath my feet. Where am I? Alas! Where shall I

En komt'er niemand, ach! waar blijf ik eind'lijk?  
moort!  
Verraad!

## KAMERLINGS RICHARD.

KAM: Wat isser gaans? wat is u overkomen  
Mijn Heer?

RICH: 't En heeft geen noot, het brein was opgenomen.

KAM: Gelieft mijn Heer dat ik hier by hem blijf?

RICH: O neen!

Ik ben alleenig best, daarom gaat vrylijk heen,  
Mijn droeve ziel en mag geen menschen byzijn veelen,  
Het past een Koning zijn bekommernis te heelen.  
O innig hartenpit! ô treurig ingewant!  
Geweten vuil vol zond', en root van schaamte en  
schant,

Wat bitt're pijnen gaat gy door mijn leden sprengen?

[10] Wat droeve knagingen voor mijne ziel bereygen?

Och! dat de grijze tijd, zo ooreloos als vlug,

hide my terror? Hell is loose to drive me to distraction. My men,  
alas! do you not hear me? My men, my servants, listen! No one  
comes, alas! Where am I? Murder! Treason!

## ACT V. Scene 3.

## PAGE, RICHARD.

PAGE: What is the matter? What has happened to you, my Lord?

RICH: Have no anxiety. My brain was wandering.

PAGE: Does my lord wish me to stay with him?

RICH: Oh no! I am best alone; therefore depart. My grievous  
soul cannot endure another's presence. It befits a king to hide  
his grief. Oh sad heart of hearts! O wretched heart! Conscience  
smirched with sin and red with shame and guilt! What bitter  
torments dost thou spread through my limbs? [10] What melan-  
choly gnawing dost thou prepare for my soul? Oh! that grizzled  
Time, as unheeding as swift, permitted me to take a good spring  
backwards and gave me at the right time an appreciation of my  
faults, and taught me to sound my conscience most carefully! I  
should be surprised if then I should ever again crave the crown

My gaf verlof te gaan een goede sprong te rug,  
 En my ten rechten gaf een kennis van mijn feilen,  
 En leerde mijn gemoed ten naauwsten te bepeilen;  
 Het zou my wonder doen indien ik immer weêr  
 Na Kroon, of Koninkrijk verkreeg gedachten meer.  
 Ach Konink Henderik! nu zien, nu zien ik heden  
 U bloed vervolgt my, 't geen dees handen storten  
 deden;

Onnoosle Neven, ach! ik hulp u aan een kant,  
 [20] Nu geeft ten knaging gy dit schuldig ingewant.  
 Ai my! wat's dat? wat angst komt op nieuw be-  
 springen?

Wat zien mijn oogen weêr voor ysselijke dingen?  
 Wat spookten zweeven dus gestadig om my heen?  
 Ach! laas, ik kan, ai my! ik durf niet zijn alleen,  
 Zoo veel verschrikkingen bespringen mijne zinnen,  
 En sweeven my voor't oog. en is daar niemand bin-  
 nen?

Mijn dienaars.

KAM: Wat is't geen zijn Majesteit gebied?

RICH: Blijft gy hier by my, en verlaat mijn zijde niet.

Ach! houd my vast, beschermt, ach! lass, bedeckt mijn  
 oogen,

[30] Ik zie, ai my! ik zie.

KAM: De Vorst is overtoogen,  
 Met zware damp, die hem de harssenen bezwaart.

or kingdom. Alas King Henry! Now I see, today I see your blood  
 pursuing me, which these hands caused to gush forth. Oh guilt-  
 less nephews! I helped put you out of the way. [20] Now you  
 cause bitter gnawing to traverse this guilty breast. Ah me! What  
 is that? What terror springs up in me anew? What dreadful  
 things do my eyes now again behold? What ghosts hover thus  
 steadily about me? Oh! Alas, I can... Ah me! I dare not be  
 alone; so many terrors assail my senses and hover before my eyes.  
 Is there no one within there? Ho! My servants!

PAGE: What is it that your Majesty wishes?

KING: Stay here with me and do not leave my side. Ah! Hold  
 me fast. Protect me. Alas! Cover my eyes. [30] I see! Ah  
 me! I see.

PAGE: The Prince is overwrought with heavy humours which

RICH: Zoo is het, blijft by my, dat gy my wel bewaart  
Ach schrik! war vlied ik heen?

KAM: Mijn Heer, komt tot bedaren.

RICH: Wat is dat voor geraas?

KAM: 't Zijn nev'len die u waren  
Voor d'ooogen van't verstant, en maken't brein be-  
ducht.

RICH: 'k Weet van geen nevelen, ik zeg ik hoor gerucht,  
Van klokken, en gedruis van wapenen. geen droomen,  
En doen 't my. 'k hoor haar vast al na en nader komen.  
Ziet wat 'er gaanden is, en laat 't my voort verstaan.

[40] Wie daar?

MAJOR, MET EENIGE GEWAPENDE. RICHARD.

MAJOR: Ach! mogent Vorst, den vyand komt vast aan,  
Wy zijn verrast, daar valt niet meer om op te passen.

RICH: Wat vyand zegt gy? en wat spreekt gy van verrassen?

MAJOR: De Graf van Richmond.

RICH: Wie?

will weigh down his brain.

RICH: So I am. Stay with me, that you may guard me well.  
Ah terror! Whither shall I flee?

PAGE: My Lord, calm yourself.

RICH: What noise is that?

PAGE: It is empty mist which confuses the eye of your under-  
standing and makes the brain afraid.

RICH: I know of no mist, I tell you that I hear the sound of  
bells and the clank of weapons. No dreams produce this effect on  
me. I hear them fast approaching nearer and nearer. See what is  
passing there and let me know immediately. [40] Who is there?

ACT V. Scene 4.

MAJOR WITH SOME ARMED MEN, RICHARD.

MAJOR: Oh mighty Prince, the enemy fast approaches. We have  
been taken by surprise. There is nothing more for us to do.

RICH: What enemy do you say? And why do you speak of  
being taken by surprise?

MAJOR: The Duke of Richmond.

RICH: Who?



MAJOR: De Graf van Richmond, Heer.  
 RICH: Wat duivel brengt hem hier? flux haalt my mijn  
 geweer,  
 Ik zal als Oorlogsman in stale wapens sterven,  
 Of den verrader zelf in duizent stukken kerven.  
 Men trek op staande voet zo veele macht by een  
 Als mooglijk is, en brengt den Traynbende<sup>1</sup> op de  
 been;  
 [10] Strax ben ik by u om dien hoop te rug te drijven,  
 En zo ik niet en kan, zo zal ik daar by blijven.

BISSCHOP VAN IORK. STANLEY. BOODEN.

BISS: Myn Heer, waar heen?  
 STAN: Daar ons de nood nu heenen voert.  
 BISS: Wat is' er?  
 STAN: Vyand!  
 BISS: Spreekt gy waarheid! of is't boert?  
 STAN: Maar al te waar, mijn Heer.  
 BISS: Wat Vyand? 't schijnen droomen!

MAJOR: The Duke of Richmond, my Lord.

RICH: What devil brings him here? Quick, give me my harness. I shall die like a warrior clad in steel or myself carve the traitor into a thousand pieces. Bring up immediately as large a force as is possible, and bring up the militia [trainbands]. [10] I shall be with you immediately to drive back this crowd. And if I cannot do it, I shall die there.

ACT V. Scene 5.

BISHOP OF YORK, STANLEY, MESSENGERS.

BISH: My Lord, whither are you going?  
 STAN: Wherever necessity now drives us.  
 BISH: What is it?  
 STAN: The enemy.  
 BISH: Do you speak the truth or is it a jest?  
 STAN: It is all too true, my Lord.  
 BISH: What enemy? You seem to be dreaming.

<sup>1</sup>This is not a Dutch word. It seems to be an adaptation of the English "train bands."

STAN: De Graf van Richmond.

BISS:                                Waar is die van daan gekomen?

STAN: Die heeft in 't Koninkrijk al over lang vernacht,  
En doen ik't zeide wierd mijn goede raat verdacht.  
Wy zijn verraân.

BISS:                                Ey! Heer, en spreekt van geen verraden,  
De Goddelijke wraak komt noch, al komt ze spade.  
Wat man is dat?

1 BOODE:                            God lof! dat ik de woeste hand  
[10] Van't razende oorlogsvolk, 't geen als een snelle  
brand

De Stad verdelgt, zo var noch levend ben ontko-  
men.

STAN: Mijn vriend, en vlugt niet, gy behoeft geen vriend te  
schromen

Van waar komt gy aldus gequetst? en zegt ons waar  
Den vyand is, zo veel gy weet, of hier of daar.

1 BOODE: Aan Bisschopspoort daar heb ik haar het laatst'  
gelaten;

Des vyands Ruitery vervult alreets de straten,  
En trekken vast de Stad met sterke troepen door  
Na't Hof. zy naad'ren vast. ik weet 't voorseeker.  
hoor!

STAN: The Duke of Richmond.

BISH: Whence does he come?

STAN: He has lived in the kingdom far too long. And when I  
gave this information, my good advice was suspected. We are be-  
trayed.

BISH: Oh, my Lord, speak not of treachery. The vengeance of  
God is sure to come, though it be late. What man is that?

FIRST MESS: Thank God that I have escaped with my life from  
the wild hands of the raging warriors, which, like a swift fire, de-  
stroy the city.

STAN: My friend, do not flee; you need not fear a friend. Whence  
do you come, thus wounded? Tell us, as far as you know, where  
the enemy is.

FIRST MESS: I left them last there at Bishopsport. The enemy's  
cavalry already filled the streets. They are now surely marching  
through the city with strong troops toward the court. They ap-

't Gerucht der wapenen kunt gy beschey'lik hooren.

[20] STAN: En stut haar niemant?

1 BOODE: Al het stutten is verlooren;  
Te schielijk is de noot en 't algemeen gevaar.

BISS: Op welke plaats wierd gy haar 't aldereerst gewaar?  
Verhaalt het ons, en vreesst voor ongemak noch lyen,  
Wy zullen u voor noot en zwarigheid bevryen.

1 BOODE: Ik, neffens andren meer, was aan die poort te wacht,  
't Was ongevaerlijk in 't midden van de nacht,  
Als ieder in 's gemeen met vaak word overtoogen,  
En naauw de sluymering kan weeren uit de oogen.  
Half slapende als ik was hoorde ik het eerst gerucht,  
gerucht,

[30] Ik steek op staande voet de ooren in de lucht,  
Wanneer een groote slag, waar door de aard in 't ronde  
Scheen als te beven, sloeg de houte poort te gronde.  
Wy vliegen op, verschrikt, en tasten na 't geweer,  
Elk, even zeer verbaast, loopt, duis'lig op en neêr:  
Die zoekt zijn deegen, dees zijn spiets, om sich te weeren,

proach certainly. I know it surely. Listen! You can hear distinctly the clash of weapons.

[20] STAN: And does no one oppose them?

FIRST MESS: All reinforcement is in vain. Too sudden is the need and the common danger.

BISS: At what place were you first aware of them? Tell us, and do not fear discomfort or suffering. We will protect you in your need and difficulty.

FIRST MESS: I, with others besides, was on guard at the gate. It was about the middle of the night, when everyone is wont to be covered with sleep and can scarcely keep slumber from his eyes. Half asleep as I was, I heard the first noise. [30] I immediately pricked up my ears, when a mighty blow, from which the earth all around seemed to tremble, struck down the wooden gate. Terrified we rushed up and groped for our weapons. Each one, equally amazed, ran dizzily up and down. This one seeks his sword; that one his pike, in order to defend himself. This one pulls on his armor,

- Die schiet het harnas aan, na tienmaal om te  
keeren,  
En ander rukt de speer zijn makker uit de hand.  
En laat hem zijn geweer uit enkel misverstand.  
Men vliegt, half toegerust, de deur uit, met ver-  
trouwen,
- [40] Den hoop, die ons besprong, met kracht daar uit  
te houwen;  
Maar te vergeefs, den trop wies daadlijk machtig  
aan.  
Des kost ons klein geweld voor't hare niet bestaan;  
Noch deden wy zo veel met't een en't ander teeken,  
Met roepen, tieren, en met keelen op te steeken,  
Dat eindlijk meerder macht van volk quam by der  
hand,  
Maar veel te laat, vermits de poort was overmant:  
Noch deed men wat men kost. ik, zo gy kunt  
beöogen,  
Gequetst, heb eindlijk my het heet gevecht ont-  
toogen,  
Met hoop om my t'ontslaan van't dreigende ge-  
vaar:
- [50] Hoe dat het voorder staat en weet ik't een noeh't  
aêr.  
Mijn Heer vergeeft het my, 'k en kan hier niet  
bedrijven,  
En't dreigende gevaar verbiet my hier te blijven.

after turning around ten times; another snatches the spear out of the hand of his comrade and leaves him his own arms out of pure excitement. Men flee out of doors, half armed, [40] confident that they can with force overwhelm the mob that had set upon us. But in vain. The troop immediately grew mightily, so that our small force could not hold out before them. Yet we did so much in one way or another, by shouting and making an uproar and by recruiting our forces, that finally a greater force of men came to our aid, but much too late, since the gate was overpowered. Yet we did what we could. I, wounded, as you can see, have finally withdrawn from the hot conflict, in the hope of escaping the threatening danger. [50] How affairs have been going since my departure, I do not know at all. Pardon me, my Lord, that I can be of no service here. The threatening danger forbids me to stay here.

BISS: Gaat, dat den Hemel u voor ongeval behoed'.

STAN: Mijn Heer, en zullen wy niet wijken?

BISS: Niet een voet.

Zie daar komt noeh een man, die 't werk ons zal ont-  
leden.

Wat nieuws mijn vriend?

2 BOODE: Wat nieuws? de Vorst is overleden.

STAN: Wat zegt gy?

BISS: Wat is't geen gy spreekt?

2 BOODE: 't Is meer als waar.

De Konink die is dood.

BISS: O onverwachte maâr!

Hoe weet gy't?

2 BOODE: Hoe? hy is aan mijne zy gebleven.

[60] STAN: En hoe geraakten hy, dat bid ik u, om 't leven?

2 BOODE: Terwijl men in't gevecht al vast den tijd versleet,  
En tegens zulken maecht geen nut met al en deed',  
Komt Konink Richard aan, met die van zijn  
gezinde,

E die hy van zijn volk't gereetst had kunnen  
vinden,

Valt midden in den hoop, en toont zich als ver-  
woed,

BISH: Go, and may Heaven guard you from misfortune.

STAN: My Lord, shall we not retreat?

BISH: Not a foot. See, yonder comes another man, who shall  
explain the situation to us. What news, my friend?

SECOND MESS: What news? The Prince is dead.

STAN: What do you say?

BISH: What is that you are saying?

SECOND MESS: It is all true; the King is dead.

BISH: Oh unexpected tidings! How do you know that?

SECOND MESS: How? He fell at my side.

[60] STAN: And, how I ask you, did he meet his death?

SECOND MESS: While time passed rapidly in the fight, and  
against such might resistance was proving fruitless, King Richard  
arrived with those of his body-guard and those of his forces whom  
he had been able to find most easily. He rushed into the midst of  
the fray and showed himself in fury. Now he hurled this one, now  
that one, murderously under foot; and everyone gave way before

Nu werpt hy dees, dan die moordadig onder voet;  
Een ieder maakt hem ruimt', zelf die van zijner  
zijde,

Als hadden z'hem alleen de eer gegunt van't  
strijden:

Terwijl komt Richmond, die hem onder d'oogen  
ziet,

[70] Verrader, zaid' hy, hoe! schaamt gy u zelve niet,  
Het Rijk, door dubb'le stof van schelmery verk-  
regen,

Na zo veel moorden te beschermen met den deegen?  
Kom, dat van eed'le straf my zy alleen de eer,  
Mit vliegt hy toe, en komt hem onder zijn gewe-  
Heeft hem een zwart stoot in zijne borst gegeven,  
Die te gelijk zijn spraak benomen heeft, en't leven:  
Hy valt, en ieder, voor zijn eigen zelfs beducht,  
Gaaf zich op staande voet begeven op de vlucht.

[80] Ik zocht al meé mijn zelf te hoeden met haar allen,  
En liet den vyant zijn de meester van ons wallen.  
Vergeeft my dat ik ga, my dringt de hooge noot.

STAN: Het is dan eindlijk waar, den Konink die is dood!  
Hoe kan het licht geluk haar dart'le hielen  
wenden:

Hier meede is't Huis van Jork haar mogentheid  
ten enden.

him, even those of his own side, as if they had granted to him alone the glory of the battle. Then came Richmond, who looked him full in the face. [70] "What, traitor," said he, "are you not ashamed after so many murders, to protect with the sword the kingdom that has been obtained through a double sort of treason? Come on, that I alone may have the honor of inflicting worthy punishment." At this he flew at him, and came at him under his guard. He gave him a heavy blow in his breast, which bereft him alike of speech and of life. He fell and each one, mindful of his own safety, immediately gave himself up to flight. I sought to save myself with the others [80] and let the enemy be master of our walls. Excuse my departure, the highest need compels me.

STAN: It is then really true that the King is dead? How fickle fortune can turn her fleet heel! Herewith is the power of the House of York at an end.

BISS: De Goddelijke straf en stelt geen uur noch tijd,  
Al rustze wat, ze schelt geen groote zonden quijt.

STAN: Maar wat staat ons te doen, te vlieden?

BISS: , Niet te vlieden,  
Zulks past geenzins de plicht van onbesmette lieden:  
Wy treden vrylijk den verwinnaar in't gemoet,  
[90] 't Is my al eens, hoe't ook den Hemel met ons doet.  
Maar wat geruecht is dat? zy naad'ren. 't zijn Sol-  
daten,  
Die vroom is mag hem op zijn goet gemoet verlaten.  
Daar is den Grave zelf. hebt moed, mijn Heer, hebt  
moed.

GRAAF VAN RICHMOND. BISSCHOP. STANLEY. EDELMAN.  
MAJOR. KONINGIN, MET HAAR DOCHTERS. EN ANDEREN.

GRAFF: Een ieder hou zijn rust, en wijke niet een voet,  
'k En kom om Borgery in goed noch bloed te  
schenden,  
Maar mijn verlooren recht te winnen op het ende.  
Wie zijt gy?

BISS: Heer, ik ben't.

BISH: The punishment of God knows no time nor tide. Though  
it be postponed for a season, it pardons no great sin.

STAN: But what must we do? Flee?

BISH: Not flee, that is never the part of innocent persons. With  
free consciences we shall meet the conqueror. [90] It is all one  
to me how Heaven deals with us. But what noise is that? They  
approach. It is the soldiers. Whoever is blameless may trust his  
clear conscience. There is the Duke himself. Have courage, my  
Lord, have courage.

ACT V. Scene 6.

DUKE OF RICHMOND. BISHOP, STANLEY, NOBLEMAN, MAJOR, QUEEN  
WITH HER DAUGHTERS AND OTHERS.

DUKE: Let each one be reassured and not retreat a foot. I  
come to spend neither the goods nor the blood of the citizens, but  
finally to win justly my lost kingdom. Who are you?

BISH: Lord, it is I.





Verzekert uit mijn naam de Raden en de Heeren,  
Dat, die my trouw is, gantsch geen ongemak zal  
deeren,

'k Laat ieder in de staat, 't zy vriend of onbevriend,  
Die hy voor my met zijn getrouwigheid verdient;  
Maar, mits ik weet dat deugt beloonen, schult be-  
talen,

Zijn van 't gemeene best de aldervaste palen,  
Zo moet ik vorder gaan, en loonen uwe deugt,  
Op dat gy eenwig aan mijn weldaad denken meugt.

[30] Heer Stanley, 'k maak u Graaf van Derby, van  
mijn handen

Zult gy gewaardigt zijn de Graaffelijke banden,  
En't Vorstelijk gieraat genieten op u hoofd.  
Meer and'ren zijuder die vereering is beloofd.  
Ook zijnder die ik niet alleen ben af te schaffen,  
Maar ook haar misdaad, na haar waardigheid, te  
straffen.

Alleenig Bukkingham is't hoofd en't leven quijt,  
Aan my heeft dien Tyran gewrogt die laatste spijt.  
Dus ben ik onderrecht, hoewel ik moet bekennen,  
Schoon ik daar mede schijn mijn bloed en stam te  
schennen,

and blood-relatives. Arise, Lord Stanley! You, Archbishop, give me your hand. In my name assure the Council and the Lords that whoever is faithful to me, shall suffer no inconvenience at all. I shall leave each one in the situation, be he friend or foe, which his faithfulness shows him to deserve from me. But since I know that the rewarding of virtue and the punishment of guilt are the fastest buttresses of the common weal, I must go further, and reward your virtue, so that you may forever remember my benevolence. [30] Lord Stanley. I make you Earl of Derby. By my hands you shall be ennobled. Receive the ducal insignia and the princely ornament on your head. Still others are there to whom honor has been promised. There are also those whom I intend not only to dismiss, but also to punish for their misdeeds according to their deserts. Buckingham alone has been deprived of his head and his life. On me has that tyrant wrought this last bitterness, so I am informed, although I must confess, even though I seem thereby to profane my

[40] Dat hy, vermits hy zijn gezworeen Heer verzaakt,  
Zich een zo bitt'ren straf met recht heeft waard'  
gemaakt.

EDELM: Mijn Heer, de Stadvoogt, met den Raad der Bor-  
geryen,  
Die komen om den Vorst te spreken.

GRAFF: 'k Macht wel lyen;  
Zy zijn my wellekom. Heer Major, u begeer?

MAJOR: Wy werpen dienstelijk ons voor u voeten neêr,  
En geven williglijk ons zelf in uwe handen,  
Beneffens dit gieraad en kostelijke panden,  
't Geen ons onwaardig heeft met waardigheid bek-  
leet;

Is't qualijk aangeleid, 't is meerder als ik weet.

[50] GRAAF: Genoeg, ik neemze aan, als ook de Burgerye  
Voor alle overlast, en schennis te bevryen,  
Genade zal'er zijn voor die 'k genade geef.

ALT'ZAM: Lang Konink Hendrik leef, lang Koning Hendrik  
leef.

GRAAF: Ik dank u duizentfout, mijn waardige onderzaten,  
Den Hemel wil u lang de vreê genieten laten,  
En hoede u voor geweld en onderlinge twist,

blood and race, [40] that he, since he forsook his sworn Lord,  
deserved rightly so bitter a punishment.

NOBLEMAN: My Lord, the Mayor, with his Council of Citizens,  
come to speak to the Prince.

DUKE: I grant him audience. You are welcome to me. Lord  
Mayor, your desire?

MAYOR: We throw ourselves humbly at your feet, and entrust  
ourselves willingly to your hands, besides these insignia and  
precious pledges, which have invested us, unworthy though we be,  
with dignity. If this is wrongly done, the mistake is made unin-  
tentionally.

[50] DUKE: Enough. I accept them and also free the people  
from all annoyance and tyranny. Those to whom I grant favors  
shall retain them.

ALL: Long live King Henry! Long live King Henry!

DUKE: I thank you a thousand times, my loving subjects; may  
Heaven grant you long enjoyment of peace and protect you from

Een brand die slechts met bloet der borgers word  
 /  
 gelist.

EDELM: De oude Koningin, mijn Heer, komt u begroeten,  
 En met haar Dochteren te kussen uwe voeten.

[60] GRAAF: Zy zijn my wellekom, zo waarlijk als ik leef.  
 Mevrouw, staat op, en kust de mond van uwe Neef,  
 'k Omarm u als u kind, en kus u duizentwerven.

KONING: Den Hemel laat het Rijk by u geslacht versterven,  
 Doorluchtig Vorst, en stijl van 't Koninglijke huis,  
 Getrouwe wreker van mijn ongevallig kruis:  
 Nu is't my niet meer leet mijn Stam te zien ver-  
 stooten,

Nu dat de gulde Kroon by u zal zijn genooten.

Ach! dat den Hemel mijn vergunde stond en tijd,  
 U zulken dienst te doen als gy my waardig zijt;

[70] Nooit eeuw zou mogen zulks te laten ongesproken,  
 Noch is het my genoeg mijn leet te zien gewroken.  
 Ontfangt ons in u schut, doorluchtig Koning, en  
 Vertrouwt dat ik voor al u trouwste dienstmaagt  
 ben.

GRAAF: 'k Verheug my neffens u in 't wreken van u smaden,  
 En des Tyrans vervloekte en goddelooze daden;  
 En hebt gy manlijk oir, geen erfgenamen meer,

quarrels and strife,—a fire that is quenched only with the blood of  
 the citizens.

NOBLEMAN: My Lord, the old queen comes to greet you, and  
 with her daughters to kiss your feet.

[60] DUKE: As truly as I live, they are welcome. Stand up  
 and kiss your nephew on the mouth. I embrace you as well as your  
 child and kiss you a thousand times.

QUEEN: Heaven grant that the kingdom remain forever in your  
 family, noble Prince, and pillar of the Royal House, faithful  
 avenger of my burdensome cross. Now it no longer grieves me to see  
 my children repudiated, now that you are to enjoy the golden crown.  
 Oh that Heaven might grant me time and the occasion to do you  
 such service as you deserve from me; [70] in all ages should it  
 be told, nor is it enough for me to see my wrongs avenged. Receive  
 us under your protection, gracious King, and believe that I am  
 forever your most faithful servant.

DUKE: I rejoice with you in the avenging of your insults and  
 of the tyrant's accursed and godless deeds. And since you have no

Ik ben, weest vry gerust, u zoon en niet u Heer,  
 Zo gy my waardig moogt zo grooten eere houwen,  
 U kind Elizabeth verzoek ik om te trouwen,  
 [80] Op dat zware breuk gehecht blijf voor altoos,  
 En dus vereenigt word de Roode en Witte Roos;  
 Dat eenmaal deze twist, met duizenden ellenden,  
 Door een gelukkige echt gebragt mach zijn ten  
 enden.

KONING: Ach Hemel, wat een luk zend gy hier op ons neêr!  
 Hoe weet gy die gy slaat op 't zagst te zalven weêr!  
 Waat toont gy mogent Vorst u dienares genade!  
 Hoe overlast gy ons door alle dees weldaden!  
 Ach Heere! gy begeert't geen ik op 't hoogst begeer,  
 Ontfangt haar niet als man, ontfangt haar als haar  
 Heer,

[90] Ik zal nooit laten haar als moeder te vermanen,  
 Dat zy zieh kent voor een van al uwe onderdanen.  
 En mits het wezen mag dat ik die vreugt beleef,  
 Zo bid ik dat den Heer u eeuw'ge vreugde geef.

GRAAF: Ik dank u Moeder dat men voort zijn vlijt ga toonen,  
 Zo tot ons trouwdag, als mijn Koningin te kroonen,

male heir, no scion any longer, I am, be fully assured, your son, and not your Lord. If you might deem me worthy of so great an honor, I seek your child, Elizabeth, in marriage, [80] in order that the great breach may be healed forever and thus joined the red and white rose; that once this quarrel, with its thousands of miseries, may be brought to an end through a happy marriage.

QUEEN: Oh Heaven, what good fortune do you now bestow upon us! How you, who strike a blow,—how you do know how to heal it again in the gentlest fashion! What favor do you, mighty Prince, show your servant! How you do overwhelm us with all these benefits! Oh, my Lord! you desire the thing which I desire with all my heart. Receive her not as her husband; receive her as her Lord. As her mother [90] I shall never cease to admonish her to consider herself as one among all your subjects. And provided that it may be that I live to see this joy, I pray that the Lord may grant you eternal joy.

DUKE: I thank you, mother. Let preparations be straightway made, as much for our marriage day, as for the coronation of my queen. And let all care also be taken that the murdered sons be

En dat ook alle zorg te wege word gebrogt,  
Dat de vermoorde Zoons weêr worden opgezogt,  
Op dat zy beide, na haar mogentheid en waarde,  
[100] In't Koninklijke graf, haar's Vaders, gaan ter  
aarde.

BISS: Den Hemel zegen u, en stort den Opperheer  
Op Roode en Witte Roos zijn Heil'ge stralen neêr.

U I T.

again sought for, so that they both may be buried [100] in the  
royal grave of their fathers as becomes their station and worth.

BISH: Heaven bless you, and may the Lord of Hosts send down  
His holy beams on the Red and White Rose.

END









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